Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE. MECHANIC ARTS. LITERATURE. NEWS. &c.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN." TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

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Farmers' Institutes.

Princeton, Oct. 31st.
Pembroke, Oct. 23d.
Monson, Oct. 27th.
So. Dover, Oct. 28th.
Exeter Mills, Oct. 29th.
Albion, Oct. 30th.
So. Hope, Nov. 2d.
No. Warren, Nov. 4th.
Damariscotta Mills, Nov. 5th.
Round Pond, Nov. 6th.
Phillips, Nov. 10th.
Farmington Falls, Nov. 11th.
Orono, Dairy Conference, Nov. 13th and 14th.
Athens, Nov. 17th.
Skowhegan, Nov. 18th.
Richmond Corner, Nov. 19th.
No. Harpswell, Nov. 20th.
Aroostook county, Dec. 2d and 5th.
Monroe, Dec. 8th.
At another point, Dec. 9th.
Buxton, Dec. 11th.
No. Kennebunk (Alewive), Dec. 12th.
Rumford, Dec. 15th.
So. Paris, Dec. 16th.
Cumberland county, Dec. 17th and 18th.
Litchfield, Jan. 5th.
Livermore Falls, Jan. 7th.
Auburn, Dairy School, Jan. 27th, 28th and 29th.
Hancock county, to be arranged.

The arrivals of common cattle at Chicago are very heavy at this time. Stall fed beeves, however, maintain full prices, and are not likely to go lower.

A dispatch from Duluth, Minn., reports the elevators filled with 8,000,000 bushels of wheat, and over 1,500,000 bushels more on cars awaiting room.

Six hundred baskets heaped high to fullness with golden ears of corn, reward the efforts of the Agricultural Editor of the *Farmer* on his farm this year.

There never was a greater all-round bounty of crops in the country than the present season. It will take a mint of money and an army of men to move them to points of consumption.

Some people have narrow ideas of agriculture. Show us the occupation that does not, directly or indirectly, strike its roots into the soil for sustenance. The farmer's interest is a comprehensive one. He ought to be omniscient, if any one is.

Now that apples are fully grown, they are showing up to better advantage than was anticipated. They are well grown, well colored, and hardly as wormy as last year. The crop is nearly harvested. The conundrum now is, what will they be worth?

Says the *Rural New Yorker*: "People who use their noses for determining the value of manures or fertilizers, are sure to lose money, because most of them believe that a horrible smell indicates strength. It happens that the substances that give the worst smells are not as valuable for plant food as water. Still the folks keep on smelling for value."

The cranberry crop in all the eastern States is large, and unusually ripe and fine, but light in the Western States. The Cape Cod bogs, where grow the finest berries produced in the country, if not in the world, are turning out the largest and best crop ever harvested from them. The acreage of this fruit on these bogs is on the increase each year, and the fruit that has been gathered from them this season is immense. The New Jersey crop is also large, but the quality is not as good as usual. The price for good fruit is quoted at $4 50 to $6.00 a barrel.

It has been proposed that the two great record breakers, Pauline Paul, champion butter cow of the Holstein breed, and Bison's Belle, champion of the Jerseys, be matched against each other for a year, for the world's honors in butter making, and thus decide the battle of the breeds now going on between the Holsteins and Jerseys. But would this decide it? What would be learned by the public? Simply this: That one individual cow had made more butter than another cow. What the dairyman wants to know is, which breed of cows will make choice butter at the least cost? When this is decided, it will give information that amounts to something.

Agriculture in Common Schools.

The city of Auburn wears the honor of being the first to introduce into her schools the new text book on Principles of Agriculture, by Prof. I. O. Winslow. Thus quickly has the effort of those who have been instrumental in pushing forward this movement been successful in bringing forth results. To the Grange belongs the credit of first calling public attention to this movement, and the results go to prove the great influence the organization can wield in matters social, educational and political when their efforts are unitedly and intelligently put forth.

It is significant that a superintendent of city schools is the first to take this advance step in common school education. In advocating this movement, there were educators met who claimed such studies would be out of place in city schools, and could only be called for in rural towns where the scholars came from the farms. It is gratifying, therefore, to thus be assured that the broader intelligence of the importance of a study of Nature's laws is promptly accepted as desirable among all scholars whether in city or town.

Prof. Stetson, the superintendent of the Auburn schools, in taking the lead in this advance work, will exert a strong influence toward a general introduction of the movement. Supervisors of country schools should take hold of the matter. The law enacted last winter puts this work in the list of studies for the common schools, and it is in their hands to take the step. The towns furnish the books, and there is nothing in the way of the movement. Now is a favorable time to do it when the matter is first before the people.

Here is an opportunity for the Grange to again make its influence felt. If there is an active organization in town they can do no better work than to look after the educational affairs of their vicinity. Let them take immediate steps in calling the attention of their school officers to the matter. There are probably influential members of the order among these officers who need only a little backing to bring about all that is at present desired. But the move should not be confined to the Patrons of Husbandry. The new text book should be put into all the common schools, and every one interested in general education should encourage this advance step.

A New Departure in Institute Work.

The Secretary of the Board of Agriculture is arranging to conduct the institute work of the board the coming season on a plan somewhat different from the method heretofore followed. In place of the formal lectures and papers which have filled the chief part of the time, it is intended to give specific instruction on the subjects selected for consideration. As the subjects chosen are generally of a practical nature, the institute work will thus be made a school of instruction in practical agriculture. This is based on the idea, which is a sound one, that what is most needed at the present time to make farming successful is not smoothly flowing sentences nor high sounding words, but a knowledge of how to conduct the very best work known to the business. This knowledge is needed by the farmer of experience as well as by beginners. The institute takes this instruction directly to those who want it, and to young and old alike, and thus is made in full measure an itinerant school of farming qualifications in the instructors, not necessarily professors, but those who are proficient in whatever they essay to teach; and it will require a keen judgment to make the selections. The wide knowledge of the Secretary, however, gained from his own operations, and from his opportunities for observation elsewhere, will come in good play, and will enable him to guard well the interests of farmers, and see to it that it is of a kind that will bring better crops and more successful results.

The Corn Crop.

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The Corn Crop.

Farmers in this State—and the entire country over, also—have harvested one of the largest and best crops of corn on record. The reports of farmers to the Board of Agriculture crop bulletins gave the area planted as larger than usual; the season has been favorable for its growth, while the hot and dry weather of the autumn has ripened it off in the highest perfection. Farmers have heaped high the golden corn this autumn harvest.

There is prosperity in a good crop of corn. Wherever found one may safely conclude there is a successful farmer to go with it. Somehow this crop carries with it a greater measure of value than at first appears. It gives a large measure of grain feed that is needed by every farmer, and must be had from some source. With this it furnishes a larger yield of valuable stock fodder than any other crop grown on our farms. And after this, and above all, it leaves the fields on which it is grown in the best of condition for following crops. Neither is it a costly crop to produce. With modern appliances, and a knowledge of how and when to use them, the labor cost of the crop need not be more than ten to twelve dollars an acre. With a crop so valuable, then, and produced at so small a cost, it is easily seen why prosperity and a good corn crop go hand in hand. It is the great crop for the stock farmer.

The increased attention given to this crop by the farmers of the State is encouraging, but they should grow still more of it. In place of the acres of light grass should be fields of growing corn. Under the old methods of work, farmers supposed they could handle only a few acres. Such an idea is now out of date, and the corn fields may be broadened accordingly. The two acres should be gradually extended to five, and the five to ten. All that is wanted is the enterprise that goes to work as it by means business. We fully believe that we shall soon see this valuable crop largely extended among the farmers of the State. Many are already awakened as to the great value of the crop, and others will soon follow their lead.

Some Good Apples.

While at work about the trees picking and handling the fruit is a favorable time to study varieties, and learn their peculiar characteristics and their special merits. Every year among planters the query is coming up, what variety shall I plant in this and that locality? So the question will never be settled. The call for information will be continuous.

The fellow Belledower is giving a good account of itself this year. In nearly every instance where the tree is found, it is this year heavily laden with large and fine fruit. In our race after the Baldwin, the Belledower, as well as some other varieties not red in color, is getting overlooked. But it possesses a large measure of merit, and is worthy of attention. In genuine quality it stands clear up in the head of the list. The tree is hardy, and therefore long lived. We were looking at trees but a few days since loaded down with their burthen of fruit, that had been upwards of seventy-five years in bearing. The fruit holds to the tree tenaciously, and seldom blows off or drops for any reason to any extent This is an important characteristic, as all fruit growers well know. For this reason it is especially desirable to plant by the side of stone walls. It is a great bearer when properly fertilized, and the fruit never is badly infested with the codlin moth. Thus it is easily seen that there are few varieties to which so many credit marks may be given.

The Milding is now being grown in many places in the State. Some fine specimens were shown at the Franklin County Fair, grown in the town of Temple, and showing they will give a good account of themselves on the highlands of northern Franklin. This variety seems to fill a place just outside and beyond the limit of successful Baldwin production. The tree is hardy, and a strong grower. It is also a prompt bearer and a bountiful bearer. The variety is highly recommended by the growers wherever it has been introduced.

The Northern Spy stands highly recommended the more it is grown. It is a long while coming into bearing, but when old enough bears abundantly. The fruit holds to the tree well, and never is badly worny. The tree is hardy, and stands up well under a load of fruit. "I can do far better with the Northern Spy," said a fruit grower at the Franklin fair, "than with the Ben Davis, that is called so great a bearer."

The McIntosh Red is a fine looking apple, and of good quality. The tree also is a fine grower and hardy. The fruit, however, has one "out." Like the Fameuse, it is liable to spot in years when that malady is abroad. In sections of the State where this trouble is not specially prevalent, there seems, however, to be little trouble from this cause. The pulp of this fruit is soft, which may effect its shipping value unfavorably.

The Alexander is a better apple than it generally passes for. It usually passes for a fall apple, and is used up, if at all, before its season of ripeness. When kept till fully ripe it is really a pretty good apple. When carefully handled, it will keep in good condition till early winter, and in the northern part of the State, especially, should be counted as an important variety. It can be grown to good advantage as far north as southern Aroostook county. The tree is a strong grower, and the fruit large and fair.

Into the Woods.

The pleasant autumn days, the bright sunshine, and the painting of the forest foliage, with its variegated colors, were an attraction too strong to resist, and, yielding to the temptation, a trip was planned for a day on the Rangeley Lakes. Others may go down by the sea and sit under the shade of its stunted growth, but give us the mountains and the lakes, and the grand-old woods, shadowing their solitude, and shutting out the busy world with its never ending cares and responsibilities.

Franklin county is full of charming scenery, made doubly beautiful with autumn's brilliant hues. Farmington has its attractions, but it is only the gateway to the grandeur, the beauty, and the wildness beyond.

The narrow gauge Sandy River railroad from Farmington to Phillips has settled down to a substantial business that now pays its stockholders a handsome dividend. While some disadvantages are experienced from not being the standard gauge, yet the traffic of the road is well handled, and since it now pays the interest on the stock, and better, its owners are not in a mood to sell out for a trifle for the purpose of having the track widened. The road is now well supplied with rolling stock, the road bed is in good condition, and the business is handled with promptness and regularity.

The Phillips and Rangeley road is practically an extension of the Sandy River road, though built, owned and run by a separate corporation. This road extends from Phillips to Rangeley, a distance of twenty-nine miles, and opens to quick and easy communication the noted Rangeley Lake region, so long the paradise of sportsmen and tourists seeking change from the busy marts of trade. The old stage coach, which so long has jolted its freight of passengers over the hills of that noted highway, has been laid away forever. The hardships of travel have disappeared, but the Rangeley Lakes are still there in their quiet beauty, and still surrounded by the solid forests and guarded by their circuit of grand old mountain sentinels, the hand of man nor the march of progress can neither change nor move. The silence of those shores will give place to the summer cottage and the gaiety of society, but the lakes and the mountains will remain in nature's beauty and grandeur.

The Phillips and Rangeley railroad was opened for through travel on the first of July last. A section of the road as far as Reddington was opened for lumber freighting the winter previous. Superintendent Wheaton, now in charge of the running of the road, was in charge of the construction, and though a young man has done a good job. Competent judges say the road is well built. The track is well ballasted, and laid with a heavy steel rail throughout, and the trains run as steadily as over an old and well settled track.

From Madrid the road passes through what was before a solid forest for the entire distance, broken only in a single place by a clearing of a few acres. Much of this territory had been inaccessible to even the lumbermen. Indeed, one of the objective points in the location, and an important factor in the enterprise, was the opening of an extensive tract of previously inaccessible timber land. The result has been the building up of the lumber town of Reddington to an importance of no small proportions in the few months the road has been running. On going up on the evening train, winding up the valleys and through the wild forests, the surprise was great to all at once strike a thriving town, with the evidences of activity all around, extensive mills and lumber yards, dwellings built and building in every direction, station, mill and grounds lighted with electricity, and the station thronged with people awaiting the evening mail. A Western professional boomer would be making such a town his opportunity for a speculation in corner lots; but here it is only the result of substantial business that has followed the rail through these mountain passes.

The summer travel to the lakes this season, stimulated by this easier access, has been unprecedented, and everybody finds the enjoyment they are after. The "camps" down the lakes have been enlarged and improved into elegant hotels where comfort abounds, while exacting business is out of the way. For one who enjoys a close communion with Nature, is inspired by the solemn grandeur of the mountains, and in love with the quiet beauty of the placid waters of the lakes, there is no place where these can be found in such measure as the widely known and justly famed Rangeley Lakes.

Food for All Seasons.

—Nature never condones an offence against her laws, nor fails to bestow a commensurate reward for their observation. She is no respecter of persons or days, sect or class, but bids us do our daily duty as we find it to do, and trust to her to furnish our daily bread in return. But we must obey her laws.

—Twelve leather belts, each about 150 feet long and fifty-four inches wide have been made for the West Street Railway Company. They are the largest ever made in New England. It requires 1980 hides or 79,200 pounds of leather to manufacture them. Each fly-wheel requires two of these belts. There are also twenty-four other belts thirty inches wide, and they used up 625 hides weighing about 104,200 pounds.

—An American firm has received an order for 25,000 plows from the Argentine Republic, South America.

—The *Country Gentleman* exclaims: "What do we care for the curculio now? The jarring process, with proper appliances, keeps the orchard clear of them with no more labor than hoeing an equal patch of potatoes."

—The trade in eggs in the United States in 1890 amounted to upward of $200,000,000 New York city consumed $12,000,000 worth in that time, the average price being eighteen cents a dozen.

—Country papers from all sections are announcing a scarcity of the glass fruit jars. The abundance of fruit and the low price of sugar have created a demand for them for which the manufacturers and dealers were not prepared.

—The largest farm in the world is said to be one in southwest Louisiana. It measures 25 miles by 100, and contains over 1,500,000 acres. A syndicate of Northern capitalists own it, and cultivate rice, sugar, cotton and corn. They do all the farming by steam power.

Communications.

Reported for the Maine Farmer.

A Grand Exhibition.

The Franklin County Show and Fair, Holden at Franklin Park, Farmington, Me., on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 29 to Oct. 1, inclusive.

Large Exhibits in all the Departments—Fine Weather and Large Attendance—Receipts Largest Ever Known, $2,200 for the Three Days.

Viewed from an educational standpoint, the agricultural fairs are of great and lasting value, and their importance as an educator of the masses is at least fully appreciated. Traced to its fountain head, we find that all knowledge of husbandry, all progress and improvement is found to be but the result of experiment and observation. This assertion, the writer is aware, runs stilt of a prevailing notion that the farmer who "tries experiments" invariably makes a failure of his business. The incorrectness of such a belief is made apparent to every candid mind. It was an experiment with Franklin when he first drew the lightning from the clouds. It was experiment which lead to the discovery of the principles of the electric current which immortalized Edison's name. As in science, so in agriculture, all improvement, all real progress, is but the result of carefully conducted experiment. When the season for agricultural fairs rolls around, it is then, for a trifling sum, that one can study and compare the results of a large number of patient, enthusiastic experimenters. It is through these experimenters that agriculture has attained its present high standing, and it is their achievements, not fortune wheels, shell games, and bowling alleys, which will constitute the ideal fair. Ranking high in all that goes to make up the successful fair, that of the exhibitions of the Franklin County Agricultural Society. Favored with fine weather, the fifty-second annual exhibition proved the most prosperous one in its history. This society has a large and constantly growing membership, and its officers are men of enterprise and ability. With this perfunctory dissertation by way of preface, the scribe will proceed to describe the exhibition from which this article takes its title.

Officers for 1891.

President—Mellen Hayes, Farmington.
Vice President—M. Curtis Hobbs, Farmington.
Secretary—Edward A. Hall, Chesterville.
Treasurer—George M. Currier, Farmington.
Trustees—Eugene F. Gilman, Farmington; J. Edwin Mosher, New Vineyard; Everett F. Dyke, Chesterville; Benson W. Brown, Wilton; Melville P. Tufts, Farmington.
Marshal—John J. Hunt, Wilton.

Fully alive to the growing wants of exhibitors, the Trustees are constantly improving the park and adding to the already commodious accommodations. One of the most noticeable changes has been the removal of the old exhibition building to the rear of the park, and its conversion into a stable for the horses competing in the races. This change has added much to the beauty of the park, though it caused some inconvenience in displaying the exhibits of farm produce and fancy work. The erection of stalls for the neat stock, some years ago, has produced marked results, as shown in the increased exhibits from remote sections, and when the sun went down Monday evening, prior to the show, fully 170 head of neat stock was stabled within the park.

First Day.

As the reporter stopped at the Treasurer's office on the morning of the opening day, he was pained to note the absence of the genial, honest face of Capt. P. Parker Tufts from the responsible position he has filled so long and acceptably. For many years Capt. Tufts has been the faithful custodian of the society's funds, and his retirement from the treasurer's office will be regretted by all.

Teams, pedestrians and stock exhibits from adjacent farms came swarming in at the main entrance at an early hour, and by ten o'clock there had gathered one of the largest and finest exhibits ever seen on the park. This exhibit consisted of 364 head of cattle and 163 sheep, as shown by actual count. The exhibit of town teams of oxen was larger than usual, notwithstanding the recent depressed condition of the beef market.

In Farmington's team were two yoke of oxen owned by Lewis Kershner, Farmington. Mr. Kershner is a progressive farmer, and a noted breeder of Hereford stock. He believes the best none too good for the Maine farmer. His oxen were large, lusty fellows, but the scribe was unable to learn their girth.

F. A. Leavitt's red Durhams, in the same team, girthed 7 ft., 2 in., and were well matched.

Wm. B. Gilman's cattie were five years old, and girthed 7 ft., 2 in.

French M. Norton and Elmon J. Dyar each had a yoke of oxen in the team of the same girth.

Charles H. Furbush had a well matched pair of grade Herefords in the team, which filled the line at 7 feet plump. Other exhibitors in the Farmington string were Wm. T. Ballard, H. J. Elsworth, Lubert A. Bunker, J. P. Holley and others.

Andrew J. Norton, George B. Jennings, J. L. Prescott, Warren T. Voter, George H. Backus and J. E. Collins were among the exhibitors of three-year-old steers.

Hay came out this year with two seams of oxen and one of steers, all fine, noble fellows.

Silas H. Niles was a large exhibitor of oxen, having three yoke in the string. The largest pair were heavy quartered, fat fellows, girthing 7 ft., 8 in.

John Fuller's grade Durhams were only one inch smaller than those of Mr. Niles'. Other exhibitors in the Jay team: George P. Gardiner, Wm. W. Rodbird, Joseph Blackwell, Dearborn G. Bean, C. A. Trask, Chas. Davis, Ezekiel E. Williamson, D. W. Trask, and Manwell Jackson.

Among the exhibitors of 3-year-old steers from Jay, may be mentioned Silas H. Niles, E. W. Gould, G. R. Macomber, Geo. A. Goodenough, E. W. Dixon, and N. Perkins.

Moses B. Bailey, Farmington, showed his thoroughbred Hereford bull Troilus, bred by M. M. Bailey, Wintrop, and got by Hero, No. 14613; bred in Nebraska, No. 9709. This bull girths seven feet, and for fine proportions could not fail to suit the most critical admirer of this valuable breed of stock. Mr. Bailey is one of the pioneer breeders of Hereford stock in Franklin county, and his skill and judgment have done much to elevate the standard in his town and locality.

Rollo S. Sampson, Temple, who is as fond of good Jersey stock as he is of good horses, made a creditable exhibit, consisting of his well known thoroughbred bull Sir Guilford, by Chas. E. Wheeler's Happy Albert; dam Regina Guilford. This, with several cows and heifers, all thoroughbred, completed Mr. Sampson's exhibit.

Herman Corbett, known as one of Farmington's wide-awake and most successful farmers, and a prominent exhibitor at every county fair, has taken a most important departure in stock breeding by the introduction of registered Ayrshire stock into Franklin county. His exhibit of this stock consisted of a 1-year-old bull bred by Col. Sam'l W. Thurlow, Canaan, two heifers one year old, two heifer calves, and one bull calf. Mr. Corbett is engaged in the milk business, and these animals were purchased as the result of a careful study of all breeds, and an earnest desire to obtain the most profitable animals for his business. His herd captured three blue and two red ribbons at the Maine State Fair. In addition to the forementioned, Mr. Corbett showed twelve milch cows and heifers, making collectively a superb exhibit.

Charles E. Wheeler, Chesterville, county member of the Maine Board of Agriculture, is a young man who finds both pleasure and profit in rural pursuits. He has already gained a reputation as a breeder and owner of a fine herd of registered Jerseys. Among the animals in his exhibit was a 1-year-old bull, Maine's Exile, by Exile of St. Lambert's herd, Toronto, Canada, owner of Jersey stock. The remainder of his exhibit consisted of cows and heifers. The enthusiasm and good judgment of Mr. Wheeler has done much for the breeding interests of Franklin county.

F. D. Grover, Jay, is another admirer of the Jersey, and his exhibit consisted of seven head of registered thoroughbred Jerseys, and three grade animals. This gentleman has made a study of the subject, and his exhibit was one of merit.

T. Frank Davis, Farmington, showed his grade Holstein heifer, two years old, got by Mellen Hayes' thoroughbred bull, Lord Lewiston, by the celebrated Wm. Tarbox cow, one of the best ever owned in Franklin county. By her side was her four weeks old bull calf, got by Scott Ellis' registered Jersey bull. Mr. Davis also showed a nice one-year-old heifer by Rollo S. Sampson's bull, Sir Guilford. She, too, had a four weeks old bull calf by the Ellis bull.

Eibridge Dill of Phillips has for years been a large exhibitor of stock at the county fairs. He is a progressive farmer, and always keeps a large stock of grade and thoroughbred Herefords. As usual, his exhibit was large and highly meritorious. M. P. Tufts, Farmington, was another important stock exhibitor, showing a Hereford stock. His herd are all descendants of a thoroughbred cow, Perfection 6th, purchased in 1882.

O. B. Ripley, Jay, showed a finely built grade Hereford bull one year old; likewise a stock cow and bull calf of same blood. This gentleman also exhibited a large grade Jersey stock cow, with her heifer calf at her side.

It is a matter of regret that time and space precludes a more detailed description of the large exhibit of neat stock and sheep, numbering 537 head—the largest number on the grounds—all day visitors thronged the park, examining and admiring the exhibits. Among the visitors from abroad were Col. Sam'l W. Tinkham, Anson; Elihu Lawrence, Fairfield; Hilton Bros., Anson; Gilbert A. G. Underwood, Fayette, and Hall C. Burleigh, Skowhegan. Mr. Burleigh spoke in highly complimentary terms of the stock exhibit, and as a proof of his good opinion, purchased nine yoke of steers while on the park, paying therefore the snug little sum of $1,105.

The exhibit of sheep and poultry surpassed that of all former years. Among the exhibitors in the former department were Eugene F. Gilman, Herman Corbett, Wm. B. Gilman, and Hall H. Webster, Farmington; E. W. Gould, Jay; Lewis Prince, New Sharon, and Washburn Luce, New Vineyard. While among the poultry exhibitors were named T. A. Hannaford, Robert Campbell, H. J. Elsworth, Herman Corbett, and E. E. Eaton, Farmington; W. W. Rodbird, Jay, and numerous others.

The Races.

These drew, as usual, an interested crowd of spectators. The judges were J. A. H. Hilton, G. M. Park and N. C. Ellis.

SUMMARY.

Race for stallions, mares and geldings 2 years old; society's purse $25; half mile heats, best 3 in 5.

F. Gilman, Farmington, b blk s Black Beauty	1 1 1
Fred Drew, Weld, b m Emma Etta	2 2 3
J. E. Mosher, New Vineyard, blk s Fred Douglass	3 3 2

Time—1.36, 1.38, 1.44½.

SECOND RACE.

For stallions, mares and geldings 4 years old; society's purse $30; half mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Fred Drew, Weld, b m Emma Etta	1 1 1
O. C. Landers, Kingfield, b s Bronze Boone	2 2 2
F. Gilman, Farmington, blk m Black Beauty	3 3 3
F. Watts, Weld, blk m Lady Sanders	4 4 4

Time—2.34, 2.32, 2.30.

Premiums.

Thoroughbred Hereford Stock—Bulls, 2 yrs old or more, 1st, Eibridge Dill, Phillips; 2d, M. B. Bailey, Farmington. Bull calf, 1st, M. P. Tufts, Farmington. Bull calves, 1st, M P Tufts; 2d, E Dill.

Hereford Stock—Cows, 1st, M P Tufts; 2d and 3d, E Dill. Heifers 2 yrs old, 1st, M Tufts. Heifers 1 yr old, 1st and 2d, E Dill. Heifer calves, 1st, M P Tufts; 2d, E Dill.

Thoroughbred Shorthorn Stock—Bulls 3 yrs old or more, 1st, John Oakes, Chesterville; 2d, James W Day, New Sharon. Heifers 3 yrs old, 1st and 2d, Oakes.

Registered Jersey Stock—Bulls, 2 yrs old or more, 1st, F S Loomis, Jay; 2d, Chas M Wheeler; 3d, R S Sampson, Temple. Bulls 1 yr old, 1st, A S Gilford, Farmington; 2d, Asaph Works, New Vineyard; 3d, D. Morrill, Farmington. Bull calves, 1st, Chas E Wheeler, Chesterville; 2d, R S Sampson, Temple. Stock cows, 1st, R S Sampson; 2d, Chas E Wheeler, Chesterville; 3d, F J Grover. Milch cows, 1st and 2d, Chas E Wheeler. Heifers 3 yrs old, 1st, Chas E Wheeler; 2d and 3d, F J Grover. Heifers 2 yr old, 1st and 2d, Chas E Wheeler; 3d, F D Grover. Heifers 1 yr old, Chas E Wheeler; 2d, A H Abbott, Farmington; 3d E S Sampson. Heifer calves, 1st, Chas E Wheeler; 2d, F D Grover.

Registered Guernsey Stock—Heifers 1 yr old, 1st and 2d, A A Oakes, Chesterville.

Registered Ayrshire Stock—Bulls 1 yr old or more, 1st, Herman Corbett. Bull calf 1st to same. Heifers 1 yr old, 1st and 2d to same. Heifer calves, 1st and 2d to same.

Grade Hereford Stock—Bulls, 3 yrs old or more, 1st, E M Preston, Farmington. Bulls 2 yrs old, 1st, W T Voter, Farmington. Bulls 1 yr old, 1st, O D Ripley, Jay. Stock cows, 1st and 2d, W T Voter. Heifers 3 yrs old, 1st, E Dill. Heifers 2 yrs old, 1st and 2d, W T Voter. Heifer calves, 1st 40 same; 2d, O D Ripley.

Thoroughbred Shorthorn Stock—Bulls 3 yrs old or more, 1st, E D Morrill, Farmington. Bull calf, 1st, Geo E Lowell, Farmington. Cows, 1st, W T Voter; 2d, W D Bean, Jay. Heifers 2 yrs old, 1st, George E Lowell, Farmington; 2d, W D Bean. Heifers, 1 yr old, 1st, A A Oakes; 2d, F Y Locke, Farmington. Heifer calf, 1st, W D Bean.

Grade Holstein Stock—Milch cows, 1st, George E Lowell; 2d, Herman Corbett. Heifers 3 yrs old, 1st, T Frank Davis, Farmington; 2d, D P Hobart. Heifers 1 yr old, 1st, T Frank Davis Heifer calf, 1st, O P Dudley, Farmington.

Grade Guernsey Stock—Milch cow, 1st, Herman Corbett.

Grade Jersey Stock—Bulls 1 yr old, 1st, E E Hardy, Wilton; 2d, J K Collins. Milch cows, 1st, Herman Corbett; 2d, O D Ripley. Heifers 3 yrs old, 1st, F D Grover; 2d, Herman Corbett. Heifers 2 yrs old, 1st, F D Grover; 2d, H. Corbett. Heifers 1 yr old, 1st, O D Ripley; 2d, Asaph Works. Heifer calves, 1st, Henry Holmes, Wilton; 2d, O D Ripley.

Herd Registered Hereford Stock—1st, M T Tufts; 2d, E Dill.

Best Herd Grade Stock—1st, W T Voter; 2d, H Corbett.

Herd Registered Jerseys—1st, F D Grover; 2d, R S Sampson.

Herd Registered Ayrshire Stock—1st, Herman Corbett.

Town Teams—Oxen, 1st, Farmington; 2d, Wilton; 3d, Jay; 4th, Farmington. Steers 3 yrs old, 1st, Farmington; 2d, Jay. Steers 2 yrs old, 1st, Farmington. Steers 1 yr old, 1st, Farmington.

Best Yearling Steers—1st, E Dill; 2d, N Perkins; 3d, J Holley.

Matched Steers—1st, Edmund Furbush Farmington; 2d, E Dill; 3d, J P Holley.

Best Steer Calves—1st, E Dill; 2d, W T Voter; 3d, W M Holley, Farmington.

Matched Oxen—1st, F Tufts, Wilton; 2d, W B Mosher, Farmington; 3d, Wm W Wilkins, Jay.

Best Oxen—1st, F M Norton, Farmington; 2d, Herman, Farmington.

Matched Steers—4 yrs old, 1st, J W Adams, Wilton; 2d, Frank Trask, Jay; 3d, E M Preston.

Best Steers—4 yrs old, 1st, E J Dyar, Farmington. 3 yrs old, 1st, E W Rollins, Wilton; 2d, L G Brown. 2 yrs old, 1st, Asaph Works, New Vineyard; 2d, J P Holley, Farmington.

Best Steers—3 yrs old, 1st, L Kershner, Farmington; 2d, F A Leavitt, do; 3d, E F Conant, Temple.

Best Matched Steers—3 yrs old, 1st, Geo B Jennings, Farmington; 2d, S H Niles, Jay; 3d, L Kershner.

Best Cow—1st and 3d, E Dill.

Draft Oxen—1st, Howard Pease, Farmington; 2d, E E Williamson, Jay; 3d, Geo P Gardiner, Jay.

Draft Steers—3 yrs old, 1st, N P Perkins, Jay.

Registered Merino Rams—1 yr old, 1st, W Y Hodgdon, Farmington; 2d, F E Gilman, Farmington.

Ram Lambs—1st and 2d, E F Gilman.

Merino Stock Ewes—1st and 2d, E F Gilman.

Ewes—1 yr old, 1st and 2d to same.

Ewe Lambs—1st to same.

Registered Oxford Down Sheep—Stock rams, 1st and 2d, E F Gilman. Rams, 1 yr old, 1st W B Gilman, Farmington; 2d, E F Gilman. Ram lambs, 1st and 2d to same. Stock ewes, 1st and 2d to same. Ewes 1 yr old, 1st and 2d to same. Ewe lambs, 1st and 2d to same.

Registered South Down Sheep—Stock rams, 1st, A A Oakes, Chesterville. Ram 1 yr old, 1st to same. Stock ewes, 1st to same. Ewes 1 yr old, 1st to same. Registered Shropshire Sheep—Rams 1 yr old, 1st, Hall C Burleigh, Farmington.

Grade Cotswold Sheep—Ram lambs, 1st, H Corbett; 2d, Fred H Webster. Stock ewes, 1st and 2d to same. Ewes 1 yr old, 1st to same; 2d, W T Voter. Ewe lambs, 2d, W T Voter. Three entries, but no 1st premium reported by committee.

Grade Oxford Down Sheep—Ram lamb, two entries; no report of committee. Stock ewes, three entries; no report of committee. Ewes 1-year-old, two entries; no report of committee. Ewe lambs, two entries; no report of committee.

Grade Leicester Sheep—Stock rams, 1st, Howard Pease, Farmington; 2d, W J Young, do.

Grade Locke Sheep—Stock rams, 1st, L Morrison, Farmington; 2d, W T Voter.

Grade Shropshire Sheep—Stock rams, 1st, W E Gilmore. Ram lambs, seven entries, but no report of committee. Ewes 1 yr old, one entry; no report. Ewe Lambs, 1st, Fred H Webster; 2d, H Corbett.

Grade South Down Sheep—Ram lambs, two entries; no report of committee. Stock ewes, three entries; no report of committee. Ewes 1-year-old, three entries; no report of committee. Ewe lambs, two entries; no report of committee.

Grade Cheviot Sheep—Stock rams, 1st, Howard Pease, Farmington; 2d, W J Young, do.

Grade Locke Sheep—Stock rams, 1st, L Morrison, Farmington; 2d, W T Voter.

Grade Lincolnshire Sheep—Stock rams, 1st, W E Gilmore, Farmington; 2d, Howard Pease, Farmington

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Oct. 15, 1891.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Somerset county.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our subscribers in Waldo county.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, is an authorized Agent of the *Farmer*.

The new baby has been named, and it is called Ruth Cleveland. Not only a very pretty, but a scriptural name.

From one hill of squash, Mr. Samuel Norton of Dover took this fall 55 squashes, weighing 850 pounds.

Mr. Joseph H. Manley of Augusta has been chosen member of the sub-executive committee of the National Republican League.

The Maine Agricultural Experiment Station, at Orono, has just issued Bulletin No. 3, giving a description of the Babcock method, as they have modified it, for the purpose of determining fat in cream. This Bulletin will not be sent to the entire mailing list, but only to creameries and such persons as are especially interested in that work. Any one desiring the document should send their application to Orono.

Hon. Parker P. Burleigh of Linneus, who is one of the large potato raisers of Aroostook county, thinks potatoes will command a very fair price before spring, and is accordingly cellaring his entire crop. He bases his opinion on the fact of the reports of rot in different sections, the fact that foreign competitors will have none to ship, and the fact that breadstuffs are going to rule high.

One of the best evidences of prosperity on the farms may be seen in the increased demand and sale of improved farm machinery, specially adapted for increasing the work possible and decreasing the hand labor. The general agent of the Heebner level-tread rake has closed the season last Saturday, having placed thirty-four "Little Giants" in Maine this year, sixteen going into Aroostook county.

Speaking of the insurance swindler who recently operated in Winthrop, State Insurance Commissioner Smith reminds the people of Maine that no man has any authority to solicit insurance in Maine without a license from the Insurance Commissioner, under seal of his office. Just ask these strangers who pretend to offer a big advantage in insurance business of any kind, to show this license. It only requires ordinary intelligence for people to see that men who travel around pretending to give two or three dollars for one, are humbugs.

The Secretary of Agriculture at Washington has received a report from Dr. H. W. Wiley, chemist of the department, from Medicine Lodge, Kan., announcing a successful run with the new machinery for sorghum sugar making, and under the new alcohol process developed in the chemical division last winter. He reports 156 pounds first sugar a ton from the sorghum cane, and estimates that the molasses will give enough more to make it an even 200 pounds a ton. Secretary Rusk feels justified in anticipating great possibilities for the future in sorghum sugar making.

Musical talent all over Maine lies comparatively latent, wanting development. The demand comes from every quarter for choir singers, and the supply cannot be met. Is it because we don't have the old-fashioned singing schools that awakened enthusiasm among the boys and girls that have since become the men and women? Let the present winter witness a development of this latent talent, thus adding not only to the enjoyment of the young folks, but contributing as well to the sacred music in the churches of the land. Let the young people seize upon the opportunity.

It was indeed a strange coincidence that Sir. John Pope Hennessy, Parnell's greatest foe, should die almost at the same moment with the great Irish leader. Hennessy, it will be remembered, immediately after the exposures in the O'Shea divorce case of December, 1890, contested the North Kilkenny election, backed up by Mr. Parnell's opponents, and defeated the Parnellite candidate, Mr. Vincent Scully, by 1147 votes. This was the great, and possibly the greatest, test of strength between the Parnellites and McCarthyites, and the defeat of Mr. Scully no doubt accounted for a great deal in the future series of disasters which befell the Irish leader. Hennessy was noted as the only Irish Catholic Conservative.

The great power of milk to absorb disease germs and impurities from the air is strikingly and somewhat startlingly shown in the recent investigations of the diphtheria epidemic at Melrose Highlands. The source of the trouble was found to be at a milk farm in Saugus, where there had been several cases of the disease, which had thus, through lack of proper precautions, been disseminated to very many of the families which used the milk. At the same time comes the report from the commission appointed by the University of Pennsylvania to investigate the effect of Prof. Koch's lymph upon cattle, that all tuberculous diseases come from milch cattle, and are thus spread by them through the human family. This is rather a sweeping declaration, but it comes from a scientific source.

The banking house of Henry Clews & Co., of New York, report the indication of great confidence in stocks in the future, which makes every holder of stocks, large and small, obstinate in the refusal to sell. The natural result is stagnation. The market has literally been bulled to death; and nothing short of a shaking up of some sort will lift it out of present conditions. Unless the leaders soon bestir themselves, the opportunities for an active bull market during the next few months will be materially modified. Leadership is essential, and to be successful it must be of the sort that attracts, not repels followers. Activity is what is needed. Every one recognizes that the rise has been sufficient for the time being. It is going a little too fast to think of discounting the gains of twelve months in as many weeks. Rest and reaction are necessary to check imprudences and obtain broader and safer views of the future. For the last few days transactions have been left almost entirely to traders, who made little impression upon values. It is probable, then, that present inactivity, if continued, will lead to somewhat lower prices. Those who have taken profits are already anxious for a decline which would admit of new buying, and afford the basis of a further rise later on. The home monetary situation is very satisfactory.

The New England weather-crop bulletin for the week ending last Saturday, states: "The weather for the week just passed has been generally favorable for harvesting and for late crops. A heavy rain on the 7th and 8th has broken the drouth, and the top of the ground is well wet, but much more is needed to fill up the springs and cisterns. Harvesting is general and well under way, and as nearly all crops are now out of the way of injury by frost or unfavorable weather, it is considered advisable to discontinue these crop bulletins for the present season. The thanks of the Chief of the Weather Bureau and of the Director of this Society are extended to the correspondents who have furnished the data contained in these bulletins. Reports have been received with a fair degree of regularity from over sixty correspondents well scattered over New England. An effort will be made to increase the number next season, and we trust that all who served this year will hold themselves in readiness for the work during next year. These weekly bulletins are now to be discontinued until the opening spring.

"PROHIBITION SCUM." Various causes have been assigned for the occasional periods of depression in business in Maine; reasons given why the boys and girls leave the farms, and crowd into the large towns and cities; why certain farms have been abandoned, the windows of the old homestead boarded up, and the once beautiful door-yard overgrown with briars and noxious weeds.

But it remained for the President of the Maine State Pharmaceutical Association, who is probably one of the most accomplished druggists in the State, to find out the real cause, and he ought to get a copyright on his "find," as we think it is clearly original. During the recent meeting of the Association at the Kineo House, Moosehead Lake, the President made an address, which has been published in several papers, and from which we make the following extract:

"Maine should be a growing, prosperous State, not lagging behind her sister States, but with a broad and liberal policy attracting population, wealth and enterprise from without, and retaining her own sons within her borders. Yet much of our best blood and broadest manhood have for years sought new homes in distant States; our wealth has found more profitable investment in other fields; our rural communities have decreased in population. Our farms have diminished in value; our growth has not kept pace with the country's advance. What are the causes that have operated to produce these conditions? Is one—of course I do not mean all causes, but as a thread in the strand—is one reason, anything of narrow bigotry, of self-righteousness descended from old-time Puritanical Massachusetts, along with sturdy virtues, settling down into her eastern district as cold dregs from Salem Witchcraft broth, till fermented by demagogical and fanatical heat, it has risen to the surface here as prohibition scum, defiling the sacred cause of temperance? Has this scum from intolerance, running into our legislation obscured the clear perceptions of our law makers and resulted in a public policy which in any manner hinders the progress, growth and development of our good commonwealth?"

So the prohibitory law is one of the causes of all our woes, and those who are in favor of the prohibition of the liquor traffic are stimulated by "cold dregs from Salem Witchcraft broth, fermented by demagogical and fanatical heat." We notice that these "cold dregs" have operated to make rum sellers in Augusta very sick the past year, have driven some from the nefarious and outlawed traffic into legitimate business, seeking there to earn an honest living. Arrests are few and drunkenness rare. These "cold dregs" have also operated in the same way in Portland, Lewiston, and other large places, and the result has been a wholesome atmosphere, and a better state of things generally. The fact is, prohibition has outlawed the traffic, has shut up the open bars, and driven the business into dens and holes and obscure corners for concealment, or into the pockets of those who peddle out damnation on the sly.

This "prohibition scum" to which the President tauntingly refers, has become a potent element in shaping the liquor legislation of some of the most intelligent States of the Union. And in those States where prohibition has not been adopted, it is always held up as the ideal and true form of legislation on this subject, a mark to which they hope to attain. The South is just now rocked from centre to circumference by the discussion of this important question. Relieved by the force of arms from the withering curse of human bondage, the people are now seeking to throw off the far more galling yoke of the liquor traffic. It is so in the great West. People from the green hills and pure bracing atmosphere of New England, have gone there to plant New England ideas in the virgin soil of a new Empire, and they have taken along with them plenty of this "prohibition scum." It is a scum not to be blown away by the breath of scoffers.

So entrenched is the principle of the prohibition of the liquor traffic in the minds and hearts of the best men and women of this State, that no political party dare array itself against it. True, it has often been used as a mask by scheming politicians—men have voted for prohibitory legislation when half full of liquor—there have been hypocrites here as well as elsewhere—but that does not change the correctness of the principle. The President of this Druggists' Association would be the last one to deny that there are quacks even in his profession; that sometimes the signs of the various colored globes and mortar and pestle of the druggist are used to cover the real business of rum selling. The worst grog shops flourish oftentimes under such concealments. Because of this, he would not have us believe that there are no "old and reliable druggists," men that we would not trust, under certain restraints, to dispense alcohol, along with other poisons.

For ourselves, we are excessively weary of the oft exploded statement, substantially reiterated by the President of the State Pharmaceutical Association, that prohibition injures business. There never was a greater delusion. When the head of a household spends a portion of his money for liquor, he has less left for the food and clothing and other necessities and comforts for his family, and legitimate business suffers just so much. When a laboring man who receives two dollars a day, spends fifty cents of that for liquor, legitimate business suffers accordingly. The drinking population of the United States spends fifteen hundred millions of dollars in liquors each year. There is one liquor saloon to every 107 voters east of the Mississippi, and one to every 43 voters west of the Mississippi; and 250,000 saloons in these States and territories of the Union waste enough hard substance to feed, clothe, and pay the house rent of every family in the United States. How much do these help "business?"

EX-GOV. Larrabee of Iowa, in his address before the convention of the Inter-state Temperance Union, lately held in Lincoln, Neb., gave it as his deliberate judgment, resulting from extensive observation, that there is not one-twentieth part of intoxicating liquor consumed in Iowa at the present time that there was before the passage of the prohibitory law. Let the "prohibition scum" rise!

Canon Farrar, one of the greatest authorities, says: "What makes these slums of London so horrible? I answer with certainty, and with the confidence of one who knows, drink! I tell the nation, with conviction founded upon experience, that there will be no remedy until you save these outcasts from the temptation of drink. Leave the drink, and you might build them palaces in vain. Leave the drink, and before the year is over your palaces would be reeking with dirt and squalor, with infamy and crime."

This "prohibition scum" is levelled against the saloon, because the saloon is the enemy of society. It robs home of its pleasures, childhood of its innocence, manhood of its dignity, womanhood of its purity, the ballot-box of its freedom, industry of its reward. The highest duty of the State is to destroy that enemy.

ALMOST STARTLING FIGURES—EASY DIVORCES. Hon. Carroll Wright, the well known statistician, has prepared an interesting paper on marriage and divorce. Among the first efforts to secure public attention to the incongruities of American divorce laws were the data put forth by the New England Divorce Reform League, organized in January, 1881, which has a national aim and scope. As a result of the reform movement thus initiated, Congress provided on March 3, 1887, for the collection of statistics relating to marriage and divorce. An examination of the laws of the several States and Territories shows that marriage is generally encouraged by law. Several States provide for the legitimising of natural children by the subsequent marriage of the parents, and under the Constitution of the United States a marriage legally contracted in one State is legal in every State. From 1867 to 1886, inclusive, there were granted in the United States 328,716 decrees of divorce, the increase being steady and rapid. Of the 328,716 divorces granted in the 20 years specified, 216,176 were granted on the petition of wives. The duration of the marriage time in the period named averaged 8.97 years for the men and 9.37 for the women. The statistics gathered do not bear out the assumption that there is so great a migration from one State to another to obtain divorces as is generally thought. Less than 20 per cent. of the parties are divorced in other States than those in which they are married. Mr. Wright believes it possible to properly restrict divorce; and while thus restricting it, he would make marriage more difficult by making the guilty parties to indiscreet and hasty ones amenable to the criminal law.

FALL OF A LEADER. All that was noble and powerful in Charles Stewart Parnell, the great Irish leader, died a year ago; but the physical tenement on which men looked and called Mr. Parnell, died on Tuesday evening of last week, at his home in Brighton, Eng. It had been known that Mr. Parnell has not enjoyed the best of health for years, but nobody expected to hear of his sudden death, and no inkling as to his illness had reached the ever alert newspaper men. Great Britain and Ireland were especially startled by the unlooked-for announcement. His death is said to have been due to a chill which he caught the previous week, and which at first was not regarded as being of a serious nature. Mr. Parnell, however, grew worse and physicians were called in, with the result that the patient was ordered to take to his bed. This was on the previous Friday, and from that time he lost and gradually sank. He expired in the arms of Mrs. Parnell, who is utterly prostrated by the shock experienced through her husband's death. He was carefully and untiringly nursed by his wife, who hardly left his bedside from the moment her husband's illness was pronounced serious. Several hours before his death, Parnell became unconscious, and so remained until he died in intense agony. Owing to the suddenness of the Irish leader's illness, and to the bedridden condition of his wife and of attending physicians that he would recover, no friends or relatives of his family or of that of Mrs. Parnell were present at Mr. Parnell's bedside when he died. Mrs. Parnell and the physicians were alone in attendance upon him when he breathed his last.

Charles Stewart Parnell, was born in 1846 in County Wicklow, Ireland, the son of one of those hated English landlords. Mr. Parnell's maternal grandfather was Commodore Charles Stewart of the American navy, which fact has increased the interest in Parnell's career in this country. The young man was educated, as became an aristocratic young Englishman at Cambridge University, where he in no way distinguished himself for scholarship, collecting and spending his rent-roll, and holding the current tory principles.

In 1874, at the age of 28, Parnell succeeded his father as high sheriff of Meath, and became interested in public affairs. At that time the patrotism of Ireland was being suppressed by arbitrary means; but at last, the very agents of suppression were becoming patriots. Parnell's mother had given aid and comfort to the Fenian brotherhood, and the young man caught the same spirit. In 1875 the nationalists persuaded him to stand for the Meath seat in the British Parliament. When nominated he came upon the platform to address the electors, but broke down in confusion, not being able to say a word. The chairman apologized for him, saying: "He's the son of Mrs. Parnell, who sheltered the Fenian boys!" Thereupon the audience shouted, "We'll elect him!" and they did.

Parnell remained quiet and obscure all through his first session in Parliament. He carefully studied the rules of the House of Commons. The next session he spoke several times on minor matters. Soon he determined to be heard in behalf of Ireland, and soon began to demand the attention of the House, not because of his eloquence, which he did not possess, but because of his dogged iteration of Ireland's cause. He paid no attention to sneers and gibes. So, in company with Mr. Biggar, he began in 1877, the famous policy of obstruction, and made himself a leader of those who joined in the movement to obstruct all legislation until due attention should be paid to the needs of Ireland.

Whenever Parnell rose to speak the House tried to cry him down. He would rise to his feet. Instantly bedlam would break loose, he keeping on his feet imperturbably. Then a lull. "Mr. Speaker," says Parnell. Another five minutes of utter confusion. A word more from Parnell; minutes more of confusion from the House. He kept his temper and continued indexible in his purpose. At first he had only four followers; seven years increased the number twenty fold.

In the winter of 1879-80 Parnell visited America, was listen to by enormous crowds and collected hundreds of thousands of dollars for the Irish movement. He became the unrivalled leader of the Irish cause.

Parliament was called together in January, 1881, for the purpose of passing more stringent laws for Ireland. The Land League was at the height of its power, and there was much of disturbance in that unhappy island. The thirty-five Irish members in the House tried day after day to obstruct the hated legislation. Failing to tire out the Irish members, after a continuous session of two days and a night, the Speaker of the House, declared, upon his own authority, the current debate ended, a thing never before done in Parliament. The next day Parnell protesting against an insolent answer of the Speaker, was temporarily expelled from the House. Soon on 26 Irish members were likewise expelled, and the coercion bill was passed. Under it Parnell and a number of his leading supporters were arrested and locked up in jail. Public sentiment was so strong in their favor that they were released from jail without trial. The struggle continued until 1885 when the Gladstone government went out of power.

Mr. Parnell returned to Westminster with eighty loyal home rulers at his back. In 1886, he introduced his famous home rule bill. A long debate followed. A large section of the liberal party rebelled against Mr. Gladstone's leadership and the bill was defeated by a vote of 311 for 341. Forthwith Mr. Gladstone dissolved Parliament and appealed to the country, the result showing an overwhelming majority against home rule, and bringing Lord Salisbury into power.

Then came the infamous "Parnellian and Crime" articles in the *London Times*, the sensational outcome of the trial, revealing the forgery of Parnell's name, and the triumph of Parnell. He had reached the height of his fame soon to plunge into the depth of his infamy as revealed by the Capt. O'Shea divorce proceedings, and the disgraceful scandal that practically ended his public life and influence. Parnell, once the able and level-headed leader, became the head of a constantly lessening faction. His latest days deserve oblivion because of his earlier, sturdy, long and manful fight in behalf of oppressed Ireland.

When Mrs. Delia T. S. Parnell at Bordentown, N. J., was informed of the death of her son, she became hysterical. She is 76 years old and quite feeble. She excitedly declared that her son had been killed by the persecution of Davitt, the *Irish World* and politicians. She mourned because these "vipers" prevented her from being with her son in his last years. The general feeling in the leading political clubs of Great Britian and Ireland is, that the death of Mr. Parnell will heal the breach in the ranks of the Irish Parliamentary party. But prominent Parnellites declare that Mr. Parnell's demise will not effect their position, and that they intend to continue in independent opposition to the party which fought against their leader. Justin McCarthy looks for a united Irish party. Likewise, Michael Davitt believes that "now no harsh utterance will be delivered over the grave of Mr. Parnell. Many if not all the animosities that existed among the people of Ireland recently, will be buried out of sight, never to be resurrected." Questioned as to the future leadership of the Irish parliamentary party, Mr. Davitt said that Ireland never again would place so much power in the hands of any one man as she did in the hands of Parnell. In the future the Irish constituencies themselves, in conjunction with the executive council of the federation and the Irish parliamentary party would have some voice in the selection of their representatives in Parliament. Mr. Davitt thought that either Mr. Sexton or Mr. Dillon would be the future official head of the Irish movement.

Kind words should always be spoken of the dead. Truth will accord to the memory of Mr. Parnell the tribute of admiration for his magnificent leadership of the Irish cause through so many crises, precipitated not only by foes without, but by hot-headed and unreasoning friends within—a leadership that was particularly exacting because of the deep seated opposition of a large portion of the English people, and the impulsive and often unreasonable attitude of his own people. At his new-made grave let us forget his faults, and remember only his brilliant and patriotic achievements.

THE BATTLE OF THE GIANTS. For the whole season the attention of all lovers of the noble horse has been turned towards a very few great performers, one of whom was expected to win the crown worn by Maud S. since 1885. It has made no difference whether men were engaged in horse breeding, or ever attended races, the same interest has been manifest. As the months passed, and one after another of the fastest ones reduced their records, the interest has been increasing. Nelson, the general favorite, dropped his mark to 2.10, then Allerton followed and set the figures at 2.09¾. Mr. Nelson writes that in another trial the Maine horse trots in 2.08¾, but that, by somebody's mistake, the record was not made according to the rules. Meanwhile the five-year-old mare Nancy Hanks has been threatening all the while, until finally she set the mark for the field at 2.09. A race was arranged between the two contesting stallions, and in answer to a very general demand they came together at Grand Rapids last Thursday, to trot against each other for ten thousand dollars. Large as was the purse, it was but a mere bagatelle to the honor of winning in such a contest. Special trains were run from all parts of the country, and hundreds from New England witnessed the contest.

Nelson, now eight years old, was by Young Rolfe 2.21, he by Tom Rolfe, by Pugh's Arutus. His dam, the famous Gretchen, was by Gideon, a son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and her dam was the mare Kate, by Hill's Vermont Black Hawk. Allerton is five years old, was by Jay Bird, a son of George Wilkes, a son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian. His dam was Gussie Wilkes, by Mambrino Star, and her dam by Geo. Wilkes. It will thus be seen that Allerton is inbred to one of the most famous horses the world ever produced.

Maine has peculiar cause for interest, not only because the horse Nelson is a native to these hills, but by reason of the fact that the men of the Pine Tree State have hundreds of thousands of dollars invested in the business, and the performance of such a horse brings customers to the State, and materially increases the value of all good stock. Not alone our pride, but also our pocket-books are affected by every one of these trials. This is why such interest centered in the battle of the giants. The track was fine, but the result was not, and is not satisfactory. Not alone because Allerton won the race, but because the time is no fair indication of the speed of either horse.

The fact is, Allerton is king. Fully 20,000 people saw the son of Jay Bird wrest all claim to the title from Nelson in the $10,000 race between the two stallions on the fast track at Grand Rapids, Mich., Thursday afternoon. It was a long way from being an ideal racing day. The sky was overcast all the afternoon. Once or twice fugitive raindrops found their way into the grounds. The weather was chilly enough to preclude any hope of record-breaking time. Hon. Daniel J. Campau of Detroit, owner of Chicago *Horseman*, acted as starter; S. A. Brown of Kalamazoo, C. L. Bet jamin of Saginaw, and L. C. Webb of Mason, Mich., were judges. B. W. Taylor, Independence, Ia., I. R. Minger of Detroit, and Thos. McAloon of Bangor, Me., were the timers.

Don J. Leathers, owner of Monbars, who offered the purse, announced that the race would be the greatest and most important in the history of the turf, as it would be a battle to the finish between the two kings of the track. The throng gave Nelson a shade the best of it in the way of applause when the two stallions appeared, but Allerton was very decidedly the favorite in the pools. Both horses were driven by their owners. Evidently Nelson had put himself through a rigid training to reduce his weight.

When the Maine stallion made his 2.10 record on the Grand Rapids track recently, the weight of his owner and driver was given at 183 pounds. When Starter Campau announced the weights of the two men, after the horses were called for the first heat, Nelson's was given as 170 pounds, 20 pounds over the regulation weight, and Williams as 165 pounds, 15 pounds over weight.

Allerton coquetted in the scoring, but the horses got away in beautiful style on the fourth attempt, Nelson closely hugging the pole, a head in advance. The pace was the sort that kills from the start. The quarter was made in 32 seconds, with Nelson a length in advance, both horses trotting with the precision of wonderful pieces of machinery.

Around the half they swung at the same terrible pace, Nelson making it in 1.05½, two open lengths in advance of Allerton. The Western stallion narrowed the gap before the quarter was reached in 1.39½. The Williams gathered the deep chested beauty in hand for the finish. Just as they swung into the stretch, with Allerton at his rival's wheel, the Independence stallion went off his feet for an instant, and the heat was practically decided right there. Williams made little effort to regain the length lost, and wisely saved his horse, while Nelson rushed under the wire with his long, swinging stride, having never faltered all the way round, winning by an open length in 2.13. The crowd went crazy over the result, but its roar disturbed the bookers very little, and they promptly offered Nelson at $14, Allerton at $25.

In the second heat the two got away on the first trial. To the three-quarter pole the heat was nearly a repetition of the first. Williams still played a waiting game, hanging closer to the Maine horse's wheel than before. The quarter was driven in .33½, the half in 1.06, three-quarters in 1.41½. As they swung into the stretch, Nelson swerved toward the middle of the course and faltered for a moment. Inch by inch the Western horse closed upon the great Eastern horse.

At the distance post Nelson brought the whip down upon his horse sharply, but the latter was already going at his best stride. Both stallion and driver seemed to grow faint-hearted when thirty yards from the wire. Allerton made a marvelous finish, winning by half a length in 2.14½. The crowd yelled itself hoarse over Allerton, and Nelson dropped in the pools to $6.

In the third heat the stallions got away again like twin pieces of a single machine. Nelson gave an exhibition of rash driving that the outset, by shoving his horse to the front at a terrific gait, taking the pole on the first turn.

The quarter was made in .32, the half in 1.05½. Around the back stretch it was a procession, Nelson leading by half a dozen lengths. Williams sat back easily in his sulky and held Allerton well in hand. Before the third quarter was reached in 1.40, he had glided within fighting distance of his adversary. Down the stretch Allerton pulled up even with the Eastern horse by one of his phenomenal bursts of speed. Nelson desperately plied the whip, but his horse had been pumped out, and Allerton trotted easily under the wire, winning by an open length in 2.15.

Nelson in the fourth heat held his horse in check, the two making the quarter neck and neck in .33½. They were head by head all the way to the home stretch. It was the prettiest heat of the race. The half was made in 1.07½; the three-quarters in 1.42. In the stretch, Allerton again showed his superiority, and passed the grand stand leading by an open length, which no one doubted he could have increased to four or five if Williams had so desired. The winning heat was in 2.16½. The enthusiastic crowd broke through the fence, packed the track about Allerton and his owner, and hung garlands on the Iowa king.

Nelson is as good a horse to-day as last week, and should be so considered. While this result may in some degree affect the fancy value of his stock, it can in no way change its true worth, which is assured. Faith in this grand horse should not suffer because of this performance, for many things entered in to produce the defeat.

We have received from John Burr, the well known florist, of Freeport, a rich bouquet of roses, fine specimens of those he cultivates for his customers. Mr. Charles K. Partridge, the "old and reliable druggist," is Mr. Burr's agent in this city, and will fill all orders promptly.

S. J. Bonney of Winthrop adds to the agricultural appearance of this office by sending in a splendid trace of golden yellow corn—a sight to make one's mouth water.

THE GREAT GENERAL. A huge bronze equestrian statue of General U. S. Grant was unveiled Wednesday at Lincoln Park, Chicago, with a most imposing ceremony before a vast multitude of people. The great land parade, composed of military, civic, fraternal and other organizations, was commanded by Major General Nelson A. Miles. About 20,000 men were in line. The water display was a grand spectacle, consisting of a flotilla of nearly 200 vessels, all decorated from bow to stern in regulation style.

At the monument, Right Rev. Bishop John P. Newman offered invocation, after which Col. Edward S. Taylor made the presentation on behalf of the Monument Association to the commissioners of Lincoln Park, in trust for the people of Chicago. At a pre-arranged signal, the young son of Potter Palmer loosed the cord attached to the bunting that concealed the 18-foot bronze horse and rider.

As the noble statue was revealed, the great plaudit and salute that arose was American from the heart. When the rumble of the last gun has ceased, Hon. W. C. Goudy, President of the Lincoln Park commissioners, made a graceful speech of acceptance, and Mayor Washburne accepted the monument on the part of the citizens of Chicago. The oration was delivered by Judge Walter Q. Gresham of the United States Court of Appeals. The distinguished jurist was at his best and his stirring and at times pathetic language, as he alluded to the never-to-be-forgotten public services of the deceased patriot, made an ineradicable impression upon the minds of his hearers. In closing, Judge Gresham said:

"Our country was settled by men who sought a land which they might love as their own, and pledged their lives and fortunes for the maintenance of its institutions. Our republic was founded in the patriotism of the people, and their love of country was strengthened by the struggle for its defence against foreign aggression. The Revolutionary War was a test of the popular patriotism which had been previously implanted, rather than a development of it. The patriotism which was ablaze in the speeches of Adams and Otis, and in the intrepid conduct of Warren, was a steady and fervent heat in the bosoms of thousands whose names are unknown to history. As a people we have inherited the patriotism of our revolutionary sires, and the substance has not been squandered or dissipated. Because it is voiceless among the busy multitude, in the marts, on the farms and in the workshops, we must not think it has ceased to exist, for to these we the sources from which our patriotic armies were filled. It is not the noisy and blatant sort of patriotism that finds an easy outlet on the rostrums that is the staunchest and the best; it is a stronger and more self denying passion.

The vast majority of the people are patriotic and sound to the core. In them is our main stay and chief dependence. Our confidence in their steady and unfaltering love of country, which is indifferent about any show of itself, and speaks only in its acts, will never be misplaced. It was this sort of patriotism that was personified in Grant.

THE AUBURN DEFAULTER. The case of Marshall C. Percival, the defaulting cashier of the shoe and leather bank in Auburn, was taken up before the District Court, Portland, on Tuesday. The first indictment charged misapplication of $20,000 of the funds of the bank, and the second charge was making a falsecertty. Percival plead guilty to both indictments. He was present on very feeble health, and walked into the court room supported by a cane. Hon. J. W. Symonds then asked permission to introduce testimony as to the physical condition of the prisoner, and this was accorded by the court. Dr. W. K. Oakes of Auburn and Dr. S. H. Weeks of Portland, testified that the prisoner was in very poor and failing health, had progressive consumption, and that they had no doubt his life would be measured by a few months. Judge Symonds plead for a stay of sentence so that the man might be allowed to die at home, instead of in prison. His plea was a very tender and affecting one.

In passing the sentence, Judge Webb called attention to the gravity of the offence and the penalties provided for such crimes, in the publishing, sale and reading of Sunday newspapers and in non attendance at church, and reaffirms its abhorence of the liquor traffic and of all complicity with it, regarding such complicity on the part of political parties, and state or national governments and officials, as a colossal curse and supreme disgrace, especially when it turns over to the tender mercies of the rum power the helpless millions in Africa.

THE CONNECTING LINK. The building of the link between Skowhegan and Norridgewock seems to be assured, and the people of the former village are happy. The Maine Central renews its offer to contribute $75,000 of 4 per cent. bonds for 40 years, and the citizens of Skowhegan have subscribed $20,000 more. The working survey on the north side of the river is now being made, and it is proposed to begin the construction of the new road upon the opening of spring. Stone for the masonry is to be hauled the ensuing winter, on the ice.

SAD NEWS. The people of Aroostook will learn, with deep regret, of the death of Mrs. C. F. A. Johnson, which occurred at her home in Riverside, California, recently. Mrs. Johnson lived in Presque Isle many years, and was well known as being one of the noblest of women. A kind, loving and affectionate wife and mother, her life tasks have been well done, and many sorrowing hearts in that county beat in sympathy for the bereaved family in their far-off home.

The Maine Central Railroad is to give one more personally conducted excursion to Quebec or Montreal. Trains leave Portland at 1.45 P. M., Tuesday, Oct. 20th. Tickets are good for ten days from time of leaving. Stop over is allowed on return in the White Mountains. Excursionists east of Bangor will take night train on Monday, Oct. 19th. East of Portland take morning trains on Tuesday, October 20th. The rates are very low.

Mrs. Lucy Wardwell who resides in No. Bluehill, now 85 years of age, has made the past season a quilt which contains 5016 pieces.

Our correspondent at Exeter writes that it snowed hard there for nearly two hours, on Saturday.

Grange News and Notes.

—The Cumberland County Pomona Grange will hold its next session with Pleasant River Grange, in Windham, on Wednesday, Oct. 21st. Meeting open at 10 o'clock A. M., by the Worthy Master. The usual routine in business will be followed in the morning session, with the conferring of the fifth degree if desired. Address of welcome by Sister Ida Hill of Pleasant River Grange. Response by Bro. Sweetser of New Gloucester Grange. After dinner, the first business in order is the ladies' hour. After the ladies' hour, the following question can be considered, viz.: "Are our fairs in this county, as conducted, beneficial to the farmers? If so, how can they be made more beneficial?" Question opened by Bro. J. E. Barker of Naples. Open meeting in the afternoon, and all are invited.

A. P. AYER.
Lecturer C. C. Pomona Grange.

—Wednesday of next week, State Lecturer Twitchell will commence a series of meetings in Franklin county, beginning at Jay Bridge in the afternoon, North Jay in the evening; Thursday P. M. at Temple, when a public address will be given; evening at West Farmington; Friday P. M. at Chesterville; evening at New Sharon. Afternoon meetings will commence promptly at 1.30; evening at 7 o'clock. A full attendance of patrons is desired at each meeting. On his return he will visit the Grange at East Auburn, Saturday evening, the 24th. These meetings are all for active work for the good of the order.

—CASCADE GRANGE, OAKLAND. "The fact is, we don't realize how much the Grange is doing. They go about their business in a quiet manner, and only on occasions like this do we see what is accomplished." This was the statement of a practical business man as together we inspected the table filled with the fruits of the farm house and the farms of the patrons of Oakland. It surely was an attractive picture. Long tables stretching the entire length of Memorial Hall were covered with fruit, grains, grasses, vegetables, and all the varied products of the homes. More than two hundred plates of apples, well matured and selected fruit, covered the middle tables. On one side the field and farm products were shown, while village residents crowded the hall to testify their appreciation. A bountiful supper was furnished by the sisters, and the band then took the stage to furnish entertainment. No admission was made to these premiums, the whole being arranged to show the public what the members of the Grange are doing on their farms and in their homes. Letters of regret from Gov. Burleigh and Hon. E. C. Burleigh were read, and then the speaker of the evening, State Lecturer Twitchell, was introduced, to speak on "Political Duties." Evidently the speaker can see no call for new parties, as he counseled faithful work within the old, the result of inactivity on the part of the intelligent voter, and that all that was necessary was for each and every one to place himself in the party of his choice, there to labor earnestly and faithfully until reforms are secured. In addition, the speaker emphasized the co-dependence of classes, showing how each rests upon and is dependent on others, and that class legislation means injury to the whole. The evening proved pleasant and profitable to the large number, and the earnest Grange workers must have felt repaid for all their efforts. COM.

BUSINESS IN PROBATE COURT, KENNEBEC COUNTY. David W. Whitney of Augusta was appointed Administrator on the estate of Sarah Whitney of Augusta; A. E. Wing of Gardiner, Administrator on the estate of Leonard Wing of Wayne; Cordelia S. Piper of Clinton, Administratrix on the estate of Edward E. Piper of Clinton; Sarah W. Cotton of China, Administratrix on the estate of Joseph Cotton of China; E. F. Weston of Augusta, Administrator on the estate of Alice M. Weston of Augusta.

Wills proved, approved and allowed: Of Fidelis Rowe of Clinton; Charles S. Rowe of Clinton appointed Executor. Of James Warren of Winslow; Chas. E. Warren of Winslow appointed Executor. Of Margaret L. Goodrich of Waterville; Charles O. Future, guns, pistols, chlorophyl, cellulose, chlorine, silica, water, sulphuric acid, nitric acid, phosphoric acid, lime, iron and magnesia." Isn't that a pretty magazine of filth and poison for the 12 and 13 year-old boys of Augusta to lug around in their mouths, drying up the juices of life, and deadening the little brain power they happen to have? We should say so.

—Yesterday forenoon an experience in electricity occurred, the like of which has not before happened in this city. The Shaver telephone wire, which of itself is not charged with electricity, at a point on Bridge street, near the grammar school house, fell across the trolley wire to the street, becoming fully charged. A pair of mules were being driven up the street, and coming in contact with the wire, fell instantly dead. The horse attached to the wire and was the same experience. All the animals received a shock, but they suffered no permanent injury. The wire was repaired.

—Just previous to the adjournment of the Superior Court, in this city, Augustus Wovel was sentenced to pay the costs of prosecution in a case of larceny from a store, and in addition was ordered to recognize to the State in the sum of $1000, with sufficient sureties, to keep the peace and be of good behavior for two years. Girard Drummond, for keeping a liquor nuisance, paid a fine and costs, amounting to $125. John Dumphy, nuisance and common seller, paid $350. Arthur Q. Hamilton, nuisance and common seller, paid costs and $100 fine. A nol pros has been entered against Norris L. Bickford and Andrew Cochrane, charged with the burglary of Mrs. Cook's house in Gardiner. A trial was had last April, resulting in a disagreement.

—On Thursday afternoon last, the scenes about the telegraph bulletin boards, that had been kindly provided by Townsend & Beck, bore a resemblance to election times, so anxious were the people to get the information concerning the great Nelson-Allerton race. Of course the Nelson sentiment predominated, and for that reason little money exchanged hands. When the news came that Nelson had won the first heat, all was excitement, and cheers rent the air. This sentiment was soon changed, however, on the news from the second and third heats; and soon went down to zero, prepared for the details of defeat. When the worst was known, the people retired to their homes feeling they all belonged to a defeated party. We have since heard a good deal of sympathy and admiration expressed for the horse Nelson, and but little for the man Nelson. The general verdict is that he blundered fearfully in his driving.

—Wednesday evening, Mr. Edward Waite Mills of Bangor threw himself in front of a freight train on the Maine Central Railroad, about four miles above the city, and was killed. The train was running at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour, and Mills was observed by the engineer and fireman walking in the middle of the track, a little ways ahead of the engine. It was too late to stop the train. He was struck and hurled some fifty feet. The body was not much mangled except the head, and there was a deep gash under the chin, and the right arm and leg were badly broken. Mr. Mills had been in Augusta for some time on the benefit of his health, was quiet and gentlemanly in his ways, and had gained many friends while here. He had at times suffered mental derangement for which he had received treatment, and this fact will account for the rash act of suicide. His age was about 50 years. A coroner's inquest was held, and the jury found that no blame is attachable to the railroad company or its employés.

—An alarm of fire, Sunday morning, about three o'clock, was caused by the flames bursting out of the ell of Hon. S. C. Whitehouse's house on Summer street. The barn and wood-shed were entirely burned, and the ell was nearly destroyed, while the main part of the house was saved in a somewhat damaged condition. The house of Hon. O. G. Hall, fronting on Elm street, was threatened, as it stood in close proximity to the burning stable, but only a portion of the clapboards in the rear will have to be replaced. But for our excellent water-works and the prompt efforts of the fir

—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Baking Powder

ELY PURE

Items of Maine News.

The starch factories in Limestone are ving a good run.

It costs the city of Portland $33,000 a ar for electric illumination.

Thirteen deer were brought into Bangor, onday, by sportsmen.

The well-known firm of Thompson, wler & Co., pork packers Portland, is serious financial difficulty.

Dr. Horace P. Fairchild, clairvoyant and gnetic physician, of Rockland, died sud- nly Saturday morning, of heart failure.

The soldiers' monument in Portland will dedicated with appropriate and impres- e services, Wednesday, Oct. 28th.

Two young boys from the town of Cari- n, saw a large caribou at Madawaska ke, Sunday.

The following postmasters have been pointed in Maine: George Plummer, bson Falls; George D. Austin, Phillips; liam H. Motley, Woodfords.

The steam mill of Adam Nichols in Bel- st is running on full time, manufactur- staves and heading. They are doing od work and understand their business.

The inhabitants of Deering have voted to cept the city charter granted by the last gislature, and it will go into effect next arch.

In the supreme court at Skowhegan, esday, Alvin Frost of Smithfield was nvicted on an indictment for poisoning tle with Paris green in July last.

Work has begun on the center bridge be- een Farmington village and West Far- ington, and it is thought the new iron dge will be completed by Oct. 25th.

In Rockport the other day a year and a lf baby pitched into a tub of water, and r two year old sister held her head ove water till rescued.

Half a dozen cottages, at least, will go at Fort Popham next summer, and the spects are that this year's record will broken.

A skeleton of a man has been found by unting party in the woods on Swan nd mountain, Kennebunkport. The d had evidently been dead for several ars.

A large deer came out into the potato ld at the "White Horse" in Caribou, on e Presque Isle road, and came up where men were at work with a team digging tatoes. The horses were frightened and e men were compelled to frighten the imal away.

An army of four hundred Italians are w pitching their tents along the line of railroad extension to Rumford Falls. ading has been commenced at several nts in the town of Peru, Contractor offord having sub-let the work in jobs of or five miles to various parties.

The following patents have been granted ine people: Hugh and W. C. Smith, ay, road cart; Albert H. Lowell, Wood- rds, pump; William E. Leighton, West mbroke, reed organ; Owen W. C Le- ant, Waterville, and L. A. Clement, Pal- rra, car coupling.

A cow belonging to C. S. Gray of North ewport, which was lost, was found re- ently after an absence of fifteen days. om all appearances the creature had got t and had been without food or water a eater part of the time. Oct. 2d, Mr. ay had the misfortune to lose another, hich made a third one in a few months.

Mr. Hirsm Green of Cape Rosier, Han- ck county, was taken suddenly insane and threatened to kill his wife as well as ne of the neighbors. He went away th his gun, and a party of men hunted d found him, and after some fighting ok him in hand. He was brought to the aine Hospital at Augusta.

The Dodlin Granite Company has ship- d from its Norridgewock quarries with the last 12 months 1000 car loads of ne, which represents a weight of 1500 ns. For weeks together the company s been limited in its shipments only by e number of cars that could be furnished en by the railroad company.

Caldwell & Libby, boot and shoe manu- cturers, 122 Summer street, Boston, ve made an assignment for the benefit their creditors to H. F. Hunt, clerk of urt. The liabilities are said to be about 0,000. This firm has had its factory nce 1889 at Randolph, having removed on Richmond, on account of labor ubles which it experienced there.

Castle Hall in Brunswick was dedicated r Fort George Lodge, No. 37, Knights of ythias, Thursday evening. The new hall in Lemont block, and is a model of com- rt and beauty. The walls and ceilings ave been very handsomely frescoed and e elegant appointments all go to make e hall one of the best which the fraternity s in the State.

Alvin R. Dunton, professor of penman- ip, died at his residence in Lewiston, hursday morning, aged 79 years. Mr. unton was the author of the Duntonian stem of penmanship, and has been pro- ssor of penmanship since early manhood, d was champion of the world at saddle ge and had few equals with the pen even an advanced age. He has taught pen- anship in nearly every State in the Union.

Schooner Harbinger of Bangor, Me., for oston port, with lumber, was towed to Harbor Tuesday night in a dismasted nd waterlogged condition. She became unmanageable off Thatcher's Island during he severe gale Sunday night, losing her heel and rudder. Her decks were con- ually under water and the crew were bliged to take to the rigging where they remained until fallen in with off Boston ght by a tug.

Wednesday was truly "Emery day" in ne Neponset, on the occasion of the th annual reunion of the Emery family. resident Emery delivered the annual ad- ress. The following Maine people were resent: Cynthia A. Emery, Rockland; saac M. Emery, Kennebunkport; Mrs. F. Emery, Portland; D. B. Pillsbury, ockland; Mark P. Emery, Portland; Mrs. rank C. Emery, Portland.

A business man like Mr. John P. Gordon, s a pretty valuable citizen to have in a own the size of Franklin, or a larger one ither. Mr. Gordon does a business of 60,000 annually. He owns a quarter wo stones quarries in Franklin and one in omesville, has built two large vessels within the last year, and owns extensive y in shipping. He has a store in Frank- n that does a business of $20,000 a year nd a saw-mill that employes a large num- er of men. He is also interested in small- r matters too numerous to mention. In western parlance he is a "hustler."

Schooner Sadie A. Oliver, Kimball, of and from Georgetown, Me., for New York, with a cargo of feldspar, sprung aleak while off Nausett, Cape Cod, at 5 P. M., 1th inst., during a northeast gale and high up in the Shoalbones, and the pumps at- the water constantly gained on the ves- el's pumps, but she kept on her course and nchored at Vineyard Haven about one 'clock, Tuesday morning. Although both umps were kept working, the schooner ank soon after arriving there. The cap- ain and crew took to the boats, and suc- eeded in boarding the schooner Witch Hazel in safety. The Oliver has been six fathoms of water. Schooner Magnolia, Greenlaw, of and from Boothbay for New York, with a cargo of pickled herring, anchored near Bishop and Clark's ledge, about 10 o'clock, Monday night, during a northeast gale and sea, where she remained until 5 Tuesday morning, when both chains parted. The captain made for Vineyard Haven, and beached the vessel on the east side of the harbor. She was after- ward floated by a gang from shore and taken to the wharf, apparently but little injured. She tore her mainsail, and leaked badly while making the port. Schooner Montezuma of Beverly, Gott, Bangor for New York, with a cargo of slate, encoun- tered a gale on Nantucket Shoals, and lost her anchors, several sails and boat. She arrived at Edgartown, Tuesday morning, and was run ashore on Chappaquidite Point. She has since been floated.

This is Valuable News.

There are hundreds of our people who are suffering from lingering diseases who have not received benefit from their fam- ily physicians. Such sufferers should write a description of their cases to the famous Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., the discoverer of the re- nowned remedy, Dr. Greene's Nervura, and successful specialist in the cure of all forms of nervous and chronic diseases. He can be consulted free of charge—that is, a full description of the case should be written him, and he will return his diagnosis of the case, whether curable, and advice in regard to treatment, with- out charge. In his carefully considered answer he will fully explain your dis- ease and give you a perfect understanding of all its symptoms, free of any expense.

Dr. Greene has devoted special atten- tion to treatment through letter corres- pondence, and his success in the cure of this class of diseases by his harmless vegetable remedies, is without a parallel. As consultation is thus entirely free, suf- ferers in our vicinity should seize upon the opportunity which affords an almost cer- tainty of being cured.

Neuralgia is obstinate. Johnson's Ano- dyne Liniment has cured many very severe cases.

A GRAND DISCOVERY.

Something for Weak, Tired Women.

You women, salesgirls, and you who are confined in offices, mills and factories, how heavy is your drudgery, how wearing upon your nerves, how ex- hausting to your strength, how blighting to your beauty. You are often nervous, generally weak and *always tired*. You feel languid, low spirited, lifeless and miserable, experience a faintness, sense of fullness or bloating after meals, irregular appe- tite, constipation, headache, wake unrefreshed from sleep, have weak back, backache, bearing down pains, irregularities.

The great nerve invigorant and female restorative is **Dr. Greene's Nervura**. No remedy in the world is so sure to restore strength to the weakened and worn out nerves. It is the greatest of all uterine tonics and regulators, and perfectly and completely

"I AM SO WEAK AND NERVOUS"

cures all female weakness. Purely vegetable and harmless. Druggists sell it, $1.00.

"I have been a sufferer from weakness, nervous- ness and painful menstruation. I used **Dr. Greene's Nervura**. It acted like magic. *Why do women suffer when* **Dr. Greene's Nervura** *will surely cure them!*" PAULINE KAYSER, 58 Connon St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

N. B. Dr. Greene, the successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., can be consulted *free*, personally, or by letter. Call or write him about your case, or send for symptom blank to fill out, and a letter fully explaining your disease, giving advice, etc., will be returned *free*.

Editor's Table.

The numbers of *The Living Age* for September 26th and October 3d contain Memoirs of Prince Talleyrand; Private Life in France in the Four- teenth Century; Lottie Coe; A Real Tartarin; The American Tramp; Some Recent Studies on the Solar Spectrum; The Dutchman at Home; Sir John Mac Donald; Goethe's Friendship with Schiller; A Maiden Speech; Mnemosyne; The Future of Porto- gal; Our Dealings with the Poor; Names in Novels; Extracts from unpublished Letters of Charlotte Bronte; The Fort des Vingt-quatre Heures; and poetry and miscellany.

HARPER'S FOR 1891. Cloth, $1.00; boards, $.75. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Such cute and de- lightful things as the editors of *Wide Awake* have taken from the bright folks who love to write for the babies, and put into a book! And this book is the bound volume of "Babyland," full to the brim with lovely stories and delightful pictures, that will keep baby busy listening to and demanding "some more," until nurse or mamma are fairly tired out with reading.

NATIONAL FLOWERS. By Fannie A. Deane. 8vo. gilt, 75 cents. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. A timely book while all America is discussing the question of "Which is America's National Flower?" is Miss Fannie A. Deane's interesting little volume dealing with "National Flowers." It tells us of the rose of England, the thistle of Scotland, the sham- rock of Ireland, the lily of France, the cactus of Mexico, the lotus of Egypt, the chrysanthemum of Japan, the violets of Germany, the bloom known as the Flamingocrete, the daisy of the Margarets, and the numerous American flowers that can hold claim to being "national."

OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN FOR 1891. Cloth, 1.75; boards, 1.25. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. No prettier or more attractive annual for young readers exists than the yearly (bound) volume of *Our Little Men and Women*. It is always bright and cheery, always healthful and helpful, and very charming in its material and fascinating in its pic- tures. The volume for 1891 is no exception to this rule. It is beautifully printed and bound, and the stories and poems of which it is made up are such as every little man and woman will delight in en- thusiasm and enjoys with unalloyed pleasure.

A plant which promises to be one of the great sources of wealth in this country is alfalfa, cult- vated extensively in California, Utah and Colorado. It produces three crops a year, and an extraordi- nary tonnage per acre, but very little has been writ- ten regarding its wonderful properties. The No- vember number of the *Composition of Sugarcane* con- tains an article by John Brisben Walker, who was for years an alfalfa farmer in Colorado, and pre- sently connected with the introduction of alfalfa into that State, beginning with a few acres and ex- perimenting until his crop exceeded 5,000 tons per annum. He believes that "over, at least, one-third of the agricultural area of the United States, alfalfa may be grown to so great an advantage that it is doubtful whether any other crop can equal it in productive- ness." He describes very fully the process of sow- ing, irrigating, and curing alfalfa. Of the pleas- ure to be derived from its cultivation, he says: "Cit- cles, shut up in dingy offices, or racking your brains on Wall street, or compelled to walk through streets exalted by dingy houses—you do not envy; perhaps, the very different work which these men have just begun—these men holding fast and pitch- ing in any loads of new mown hay into the air and onto wagons, or from wagons onto stacks. If you do not, it is because you do not know; it is because Providence has never permitted you to stand in a field with more than a hundred miles of snow- capped hills stretched out before you and watching down upon you because the like of which blow no- where else; where the sunshine is the purest and, where every breath is life. Around, the green plains and fertile valleys; above, an ever changing panorama of dark shapes and snow white summits and rocky crags, never the same for two hours at a time."

"Willmoth the Wanderer, or the Man from Saturn," by C. C. Dall, is another of the interesting Riverside Series, "issued by J. S. Ogilvie, 57 Rose street, New York City.

WIDE AWAKE. F F. Cloth, $2.50. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. A new volume of *Wide Awake* means always expectation in its announcement, en- joyment in its monthly realization, and a full feast when the bound volume appears. Such a feast— full and satisfactory—is offered in the new volume just issued in the warm and cheerful colors which so many young people have learned to welcome and enjoy. The change in type made in the magazine at the beginning of the year makes an especially at- tractive page when seen in bulk between covers. But new type and crimson covers are not every- thing. The host of good things spread in this new volume is attractive and appetizing.

Items and Incidents.

The peanut crop is said to be unusually heavy this year.

What Does It Mean?

"100 Doses One Dollar" means simply that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most eco- nomical medicine to buy, because it gives more for the money than any other prep- aration. Each bottle contains 100 doses and will average to last a month, while other preparations, taken according to di- rections, are gone in a week. Therefore be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier.

An effort is being made to introduce a shirt for men that buttons up the front, from hem to collar, like a frock coat.

"Save who can!" was the frantic cry of Napoleon to his army at Waterloo. Save health and strength while you can, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is advice that applies to all, both young and old! Don't wait until disease fastens on you; begin at once.

Charles Goodrich, Jr., of Portland, has an invention that is destined to make money for him. It is an attachment to a lock so constructed that when the door is closed the bolt is inside a guard slips over the keyhole, preventing any one from looking through and utterly foiling any attempts at picking the lock from the outside.

Grayness, baldness, dandruff, and all diseases of the scalp, and falling of the hair, are cured by using Hall's Vegeta- ble Sicilian Hair Renewer.

Ole Bull's son, now about 20, is soon to make his debut in Paris as a violinist.

Probably your grand-mother, when a child, knew and used Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

A Georgia farmer is living with his sixth wife. Each of his five other wives died on the Friday preceding the second Sunday of the month.

No one knows better than those who have used Carter's Little Liver Pills what relief they have given when taken for dyspepsia, dizziness, pain in the side, con- stipation, and disordered stomach.

The less mind a woman has the more liberal she is in giving you a piece of it.

ONLY ONE SARSAPARILLA sold on the **"No Benefit, No Pay"** plan —only one could stand the **test**, viz: DANA'S.

The people of the United States will not be wholly inconsolable if John L. Sullivan remains "stranded" in Australia.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world.

Gabbleton—Now, if you'll take a friend's advice—

His victim(sweetly)—Certainly, old boy; it will be the first thing I ever got from you.

The Beauty Standard.

The standard of female loveliness varies greatly in different countries and with in- dividual tastes. Some prefer the plump and buxom type; some admire the slender and sylph-like, and some the tall and queen- ly maiden. But among all people of the Caucasian race, one point of beauty is always admired—a pure, clear and spotless complexion—whether the beauty of the blonde brunette, or hazel-eyed type. This first great requisite of loveliness can be assured only by a pure state of the blood, active liver, good appetite and digestion, all of which are secured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Dis- covery. It is guaranteed to accomplish all that is claimed for it, or money refund- ed. If you would have a clear, lovely complexion, free from eruptions, moth patches, spots and blemishes, use the "Golden Medical Discovery."

It gives us pleasure to refer to the adver- tisement of Dr. W. H. Tutt which appears in our columns. For over twenty-five years Tutt's Pills have been before the public, and each succeeding year their valuable properties become better appre- ciated. They now stand second to none for the relief of that much abused and over- taxed organ, the liver, and for the removal of that cause of so many ills, constipation. They are used in every civilized country. Tutt's Liver Pills should have a place in every household.

ACCIDENTS. A small fire was caused at Mechanic Falls, Wednesday, by an ex- plosion of gasoline in the Dirigo laundry. The fire was put out in a short time, but one of the workmen, Mr. Johnson, was burned quite badly on the arm and leg.

William Linton of Littleton, who was in Houlton the other day to market potatoes, on returning home in the evening, as he was crossing the bridge, fell from his wag- on, and was seriously, if not fatally in- jured. It was found that his spine was dislocated by the fall, causing a paralysis of his lower limbs.—Dr. Dow of Castle Hill was out riding, Friday, when a team behind him rushed on to his carriage, breaking one axle, the thills and crossbar, and otherwise injuring it, throwing him into the road. He was badly hurt, though after a day or two was able to be out again, but still very lame.—As Mr. P. A. Durgin of Washburn was taking his wife and child out to Mrs. Greenleaf's for a visit, on the way he attempted to pass a pair of colts. When directly abreast the colts jumped on the wheel of his carriage, upsetting it, and the three occupants were thrown violently to the ground. Mrs. D. and child escaped with a few scratches, but Mr. Durgin received an ugly cut over the eye, rendering him un- conscious. The wound is not a dangerous one.—A ten months' old baby, living in the Carr district, Caribou, swallowed a bib- pin, Saturday. The infant had a portion of the bib in its mouth, and it was noticed that after choking once or twice the pin had disappeared. How the pin must have been open when swallowed, it is feared that the accident may prove a serious one. —George N. Quint, formerly of Topsham, but lately residing in Fitchburg, Mass., in company with three friends, was riding in a covered carriage hauled by a span of horses. They came to a railroad crossing, and the carriage got partly across the track, when the engine struck them. One man escaped and one other three were fright- fully mangled, the wagon smashed to splinters, and one horse killed. Mr. Quint had his right arm and left leg cut off, the arm close to the shoulder, and the leg at the knee.—The other evening a child of Mr. Raymond, living in the village of Pittsfield, fell from the second story win- dow to the ground, striking on her head, but, strange to say, did not break any bones. Friday afternoon, two or three young men on Swan Island, in the town of Perkins, aft r having been firing at a mark, told each other what they would do in case they encountered a burglar. They sup- posed his usual weapons were old guns, loaded, and, as usual, were mistaken. One of the young men, James Sensibeau, hap- pened to turn the muzzle of the revolver toward him, and pulled the trigger, when the revolver sent a large 32 calibre ball into the abdomen. He may possibly recover. —While Peter Flanagan and three com- panions were fishing from a small row boat near the mouth of Kennebunkport, Sunday afternoon, the boat was suddenly capsized and Flanagan was drowned. His companion clung to the boat, and were rescued in an exhausted condition.—R. Castelbuldrick, a farmer, aged 60, liv- ing in East Lyndon, Troy, while driving home Tuesday, was killed by the west bound train. His horse was also killed.

PENSIONS. The following pensions have been granted Maine people:

ORIGINAL.

David Tolman,	John Roell,
George H. Noble,	William Bardsley,
Milford Keene,	Michael Carney,
Charles S. Crocker,	George A. Crowley,
Charles Brandt,	George Miller,
Addison Sawyer,	Joseph A. Gilsaro,
Seth N. Kendrick,	Andrew H. Porter,
John Kellogg,	Moses K. Simpson,
Edgar W. Small,	William H. Davis,
Stephen T. Smith,	John Hazeltine,
Edgar P. Higgins,	Aresa B. Webber,
Geo. W. Sholes,	Otis H. Hobart,
Thomas J. Ellis,	Edward P. Prescott,
Alonzo J. Davis,	Frederick Schindler,
Abner Pratt, navy,	Wm. H. Dearborn, navy,
Spencer W. Wyman,	James Orne, navy,
Walter E. Jacobs, navy,	Carl Steinbrigas,
Rufus A. Smith,	Francis Atchison,
Chas. H. Manson,	George Farr,
Jas. Cunningham,	John Van Buskirk,
John G. Drake,	Alldon K. P. Dresser,
Hiram W. Vann,	Samuel C. Green,
Aaron Burnell,	Winfield S. Waterhouse,
Chas. D. Barnard,	Edward Lowell,
Dominick O'Neil,	Alphonso Larrabee,
John York,	Ivory L. Goodwin,
Jas. Deary,	Ferdinand Tinker,
Silas H. Wood,	Thos. Farrelday,
Francis Bailey,	John Daley,
Wm. H. Gordon,	Hiram Wyman,
Amos H. King,	Wm. D. Murphy,
Benj. Cunningham,	Henry H. Kinsland,
Stephen Bray,	Franklin Dyer,
John H. Johnson,	James W. Libby,
Alonzo Blanchard,	Jonathan L. Flagg,
William J. Alley,	Edmund H. Osborne,
Francis Witham,	Isaac A. Reynolds,
William Goodrich,	William Kelbert,
Charles H. Hunt,	Samuel Hutchinson,
Charles C. Leavitt,	William E. Graham.

ADDITIONAL.

Robert Cain,	Joseph Richards,
Daniel Johnson,	Samuel Kilfield,
Levi Pert, navy,	Duane S. Wing,
George A. Bralicard,	Joseph Wentworth,
Samuel Wentworth,	Frederick W. Litou,
Benj. F. Merrificid,	James Hoyt.

FIRES IN MAINE. Friday evening the son of Dr. A. M. Purinton, of Levant, went to the barn to feed a cow and took a lighted lantern. He hung the lantern up- on a hook and then climbed upon the hay- mow to pitch down some hay. The first pitchforkfull struck the lantern which fell and broke. The hay was quickly ignited and the fire spread rapidly to the hay. The young man had just time to get the cow from the barn. The flames quickly spread until the entire set of buildings, including house, grist and barn was destroyed. Loss $2000; insurance $600.——A fire at Milltown, Sunday morning, destroyed the house and ell and most of the contents; the outbuildings and barn, contained 35 tons of hay, two horses, a large amount of farming implements, wood, etc., belonging to John Wood. Loss $5000; insured for $1800. Cause unknown.——On the 9th Nath'l Hall of Canaan lost his large barn with its contents by fire. It contained seventy-five tons of hay, farming utensils, a covered carriage, etc. Loss about two thousand dollars; insured for fifteen hun- dred.——The one story and a half dwell- ing of Mrs. Lucinda Hall, including valu- able horse, carriages, hay, farming tools, etc., situated about one mile from Gorham village, was totally destroyed by fire Mon- day night. The buildings were owned by Mr. A. J. Hamblin, and occupied by Mr. S. M. Libby.—The Sabattus House, Sa- battus, owned by A. W. Potter of Lewiston, kept by Webb Hall, burned last night. It was a large house with an ell and stable. The fire extended to the buildings north owned by Mr. Drinkwater, consisting of a double house and stable, which were con- sumed, with contents. The loss on the Sabattus House is not estimated; insured. Mr. Drinkwater's loss is $2000; insured for $1000.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A BULL MOOSE. Mr. Henry Priest of Medway, a well known lumberman, had a thrilling experience with a bull moose, last Saturday, which he does not care to repeat. A few days ago he was at Mud Brook, near Millinocket Lake, spot- ting lines and exploring for timber, pre- paratory for a lumber operation. For some time he heard the rampaging and bellowing of an animal some distance away, but paid no attention to it, as he knew by previous experience in the woods it was a moose. Suddenly the animal appeared in sight, and seeing Mr. Priest, made a rush for him, head down. Mr. Priest is a man about fifty years of age, and lame, but knowing how savage a bull moose is at this season of the year, he was not slow in taking a Nelson gait for the nearest tree, into the branches of which he swung him- self just in time to escape the infuriated moose.

Mr. Priest was unharmed, but perched in the tree he had a good chance to inspect this "monarch of the forest." He says the animal was a huge fellow, and would weigh over half a ton. On his wide-spreading antlers were twenty-five prongs, which were pointed and sharp, and would pierce the flesh like a Damascus sword. For an hour the moose walked about the tree, pawed the ground, and occasionally emitted bellows, which were anything except music to Mr. Priest's ears. The minutes passed slowly, seeming like hours to Mr. Priest in his uncomfortable seat in the tree.

Finally the moose went away some dis- tance, and Mr. Priest took the opportunity to slide to the ground and start for a white birch growth which was some distance away. He safely covered part of the way, when the moose discovered him. Then there was a wild go-as-you-please race. Priest fortunately had a good start, and reaching the birch tree, struck a match and touched it to the bark, which catching fire like tinder, the flames with a roaring sound shot into the air. This was a new experi- ence to the moose. He stood for a moment looking at the ruddy blaze and listening to the crackling flames, then turned, and with a mighty bound disappeared in the deep forest.

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

LIVE STOCK YARDS, Oct. 13, 1891.

Names of Drovers.	Hogs.	Cattle.	Sheep.	Veals.
AT WATERTOWN.				
S. H. Wardwell,	17	10		13
P. W. Thompson,		9	100	35
AT BRIGHTON.				
J. M. Philbrook,		20		14
W. W. Hall,		22		13
R. W. Brown,			470	64
I. G. Libby,		20	600	64
H. L. Libby,	4	4		22
C. E. Hanson,		18		44

THE AGGREGATE OF LIVE STOCK AT WATERTOWN AND BRIGHTON YARDS.

Cattle, 3,333; sheep, 15,139; hogs, 27,530; veals, 1,325; horses, 633.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 101; sheep, 1,170; hogs, 17; veals, 151; horses, 117.

CATTLE EXPORTS FOR OLD ENGLAND.

Shipments from Boston for the past week were 2,152 head, with a decline of ¼c at Liverpool—11c dressed weight.

POSITION OF THE TRADE.

Market for cattle not in a very booming condition. What arrive sell after a fashion, but the demand is not active, with no im- provement in prices. General sales on country cattle at 4@6¾c; if fancy, at 7@ 7¾c, dressed weight.

Sheep and Lambs—Better than one thou- sand head from Maine; from Canada, 6,483 head; Vermont, 2,766; New Hampshire, 1,181; West, 3,080; New York, 469. The market is fairly active. Several thousand of the above arrived the last of the week and the first of this week. The flocks firm at 2½@4¾c for sheep, and 5@6¾c for lambs.

Fat Hogs—Over 27,000 head run in from the West, at 5@5½c per lb., live weight; country lots, ¼c lower, and sold at 6¼c, dressed weight.

Veal Calves—The trade was such that no dealer need complain. Butchers were rea- sonable, and paid all they were worth. Some of the very best at 6¾c, but the gen- erality at 5¾@6c; range, 2½@6¾c per lb.

Milch Cow—The trade none too good, still they work them off in good numbers each week, with sales at $25@$55 per head, unless very fancy. It would be well for dealers if they could handle more of the better class.

Working Oxen—There does not seem to be any vim to the market. A few pair is all the market requires each week.

Horse traffic—If Maine would send in some choice horses, there would be no difficulty in the disposal. The market is crowded with the more common grades, selling at $60@$115. Good drivers and selected heavy draft selling at $175@300.

SALES OF MAINE STOCK.

S. H. Wardwell sold 24 veal calves, average 135 lbs., at 6¾c. lb.; P. W. Thompson sold 100 lambs, average 70 lbs., at 6¾c; 35 veal calves, of 135 lbs., at 6¾c. Eastern lambs, of 65 lbs., selling at 6c. per lb; sheep at 4½c. Calves by I. G. Libby, ranging to Eastern, 6c. J. M. Philbrook sold 1 milch cow at $35.

REMARKS.

We would show here to our Maine farm- ers what Chicago is doing in live stock, as taken from *Drovers' Journal*, giving the receipts for the months of September and August, thereby getting a little insight as to what the great West is doing in live stock for the past two months: Receipts of cattle, sheep and hogs, at Union Stock Yards, as follows: September, 1891—358,- 223 cattle; 456,000 hogs; 187,545 sheep. August, 1891—260,765 cattle; 394,499 hogs 160 349 sheep; and for the past nine months, 2,306,528 cattle; 5,838,679 hogs; 1,665,772 sheep. Well, is it not a big rais- ing country? And the quality of a good many of them can be classed with what is voted to Union Stock Yards at Watertown, Mass, where we receive from the West from 2000 to 3000 head a week. If Maine cannot raise cattle and other stock on as large a scale as the West, she can give us as good quali- ty, and such as our butchers appreciate, and if butchers could buy as good, in large numbers, from Maine and other New Eng- land States, they would not ship them from such a distance. We believe in home pro- duction.

LATE SALES AT BRIGHTON LAST WEDNES- DAY.

Not an overflow of milch cows, thereby giving a better tone to the market. Prices have not improved, but the disposals were easier. P. W. Thompson sold 9 at $43.50 each; 5 do., the lot at $265. W. W. Hall & Son sold 1 milch cow at $33, and 2 at $35 each. I. C. Libby & Son sold 3 milch cows at $35 each; 2 at $40 each. A lot of 6 milch cows, warranted to give 17 qts. of milk each per day, at $50 per head. W. Scollans sold 5 choice milch cows at $50 each; 2 at $45 each; 2 at $46 each; 2 at $42 50 each; 1 at $40. J. Molloy sold 2 springers at $47.50 each. C. Libby sold 6 new milch cows at $45 each, and $5 over on lot. J. S. Henry sold 2 choice cows for $50 each; 2 at $40 each. Ed. Kimball sold 2 milch cows at $37.50 each; 1 at $45. Remick & Cheney sold 4 milch cows from $40 to $52 each. J. Fisher sold 3 milch cows from $45 to $47.50 each. J. D. Hosmer sold 1 pair of working oxen, girthing 7 ft., live weight 3000 lbs., at $120; 1 pair 6 ft., 10 in., live weight 2800 lbs., at $85; 1 pair do. girthing 7 ft., live weight 3000 lbs , at $120.

Boston Market.

TUESDAY, Oct. 13.

FLOUR AND MEAL. The market is firm for flour, and trade fair, with a very good inquiry. We quote fine, superfine and common extras at $3 50@4 50; extras and seconds at $4 50@5 00; Minnesota bakers, clears and straights, at $5 00@5 50; winter wheat, clears and straights, at $5 00 @5 50; winter wheat patents at $5 50@5 85, and spring wheat patents at $5 50@6 00 per bbl. These quotations include jobbers and millers' prices. Rye flour is steady at $5 50 @6 per bbl. Oat meal is quiet, with sales of fine at $4 40@4 50, and cut at $4 50@ 5 70 per bbl. There is a steady market for corn meal. Sales of bags are at $1 30@ 1 40, and barrel meal sells at $2 80@2 85 for choice kiln-dried. Granulated meal sells at $3 80@3 90 per bbl.

GRAIN. The demand for corn has been quite good to-day, but the higher prices quoted rather restricted trade. One sale of high mixed was made at 73¼c, but this was an extreme price, and 72½@73c was generally quoted for high mixed and steamer yellow. For shipment, No. 2 yel- low was quoted at 71@71½c, No. 3 yellow at 70¼c, and No. 3 corn at 69c per bush. Oats were also firm, with sales of clipped at 39@39½c, and fancy at 40¾c, No. 2 white at 38½c, and No. 3 white at 37½c per bush. For shipment, clipped oats were quoted at 39@40c, and Chicago No. 2 white at 39@39½c per bush.

MILLFEED. The demand is firmer. Sack spring bran sells at $15 and sack win- ter bran at $18 75@19. Middlings range from $19@25. Cotton seed meal is nomi- nal. Canada bran sells slowly at $18 75 per ton in bulk. Cotton seed meal, Octo- ber shipment, is offered at $26 75@27 per ton.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE. Butter is still on the rise. A 30-cent market for strictly fine creamery was what most deal- ers were talking yesterday. Very few sales were made at that figure because very little of the butter offered was up to the mark, but for fresh lots to arrive 30 cents was de- manded. Customers were supplied at 27@ 28 cents, and as extreme as 29@30 cents. These prices were for what passed as extra. Some not so good sold at 25@29 cents, and others again at a lower rate. Choice dairy sold in lots at 21@22 cents for Western and 24@25 cents for Northern. Fine fresh dairy selections com- ing in this week will no doubt command good prices, say 25@27 cents, but the mixed dairies may not go much higher than last week.

There is not much change to note in cheese. For best August or September 10 cents is all that can be obtained for regular sale. In trade the feeling is to go slowly at 10¼ to 10¾ cents. September make in the country costs 10 cents, and it should bring at least 10¾ cents here, if not 11 cents, but nobody wants to pay over 10¾ cents. Early made stock rules at 8 to 9½ cents.

Potatoes are in liberal supply, and meet- ing with a good sale at 45@50c per bushel. All kinds of vegetables are plentiful and at low prices. There continues to be an abun- dance of fruit, and no advance can be quoted.

Eggs feel the effects of the colder weather and are selling more freely at a slight ad- vance. Fresh Eastern are selling at 21¾@22 cents, with 22½ cents asked yes- terday for special marks of Michigan. Eastern sold at 22@23 cents, and fresh laid lots readily command 25 cents and up- wards.

Beans have ruled in buyers' favor, owing to the free offerings of choice marrow or large pea to arrive, and the price of these has settled down to $2 and $2 05 per bushel. Mediums are not so plentiful as peas, and lots on spot command $2 10@$2 15 per bushel. Improved yellow eyes are selling slowly at about $2 per bushel.

HAY. There is not much life in the hay market. Receipts are liberal, and only choice Canada and New York commands $17@$18 per ton. Very little Eastern is good enough to go over $16, and ordinary grade range from $13@$15 per ton. Rye straw has been in fair demand at $14@$16 per ton.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

TUESDAY, Oct. 13.

CATTLE—Receipts 12,000; shipments, 4500; market steady; no prime or extra steers on sale; top prices, $5 00@6 35; medium, $3 85@4 80; others, $3 50@2 80; Texans, $2 20@3 75; rangers, $3 50@4 50; stockers, $2 10@3 90; butchers' cows, $2 25 @2 50.

SHEEP—Receipts 7,000; shipments, 4000; market active and strong to higher; native ewes, $3 50@4 40; Western and yearlings, $4 00@5 25; lambs, $3 75@6 60.

HOGS—Receipts 28,000; shipments 12,000; market fairly active and lower; rough and common, $4 00@4 25; mixed and packers, $4 35@4 60; prime heavy and butchers' weights, $4 70@4 90; Philadelphias, $5@ 5 10; light, $4@4 85.

Augusta City Market.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE MAINE FARMER]

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 14.

APPLES—New, 50@75 cents per bushel.

BEANS—Pea beans 2 25; Yellow Eyes $1 75@2 00.

BUTTER—Ball Butter 20@25c. Creamery, 25c.

CHEESE—Factory and domestic new 10@ 11c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 40 per cwt.

EGGS—Fresh, 22@23c per dozen.

FLOUR—St. Louis $6 00@6 25; Patent 6 50@7 00.

GRAIN—Corn 90c; oats 70c; barley 85c; Rye $1 00.

HAY—Loose $10@12; pressed $14@17.

STRAW—$7 75@8.

HIDES AND SKINS—Cow hides, 5c, dividing on 90 lbs.; ox hides, 6c; bulls and stags, 3@3½c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10 per cask; cement $1 75.

LARD—Tierce 7½c; in tins, 8@8½c.

MEAL—Corn 88c; rye 90@1 00.

SHORTS—$1 40@1 50 per hundred.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 8@9c; beef per side 5@7c; ham 10@ 11c; fowls, 10@12; spring chicks, 14@16c; mutton 9@10c; spring lambs 8@9c; veals 7@8c; turkeys, 15@18c; round hog 6@7c.

PRODUCE—New potatoes, 40@50 cents per bushel; cabbages, $1.00 per hundred; beets, 50c per bu.; turnips, 35@40c per bu.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 14.

APPLES—Eating, $2 00@2 50 per barrel; cooking, $1 00@2 00; evaporated, 8@12c per lb.

BUTTER—20@21 for choice family; creamery, 26@27c.

BEANS—Pea, $2 25@2 35; Yellow Eyes, $2 00@2 25.

CHEESE—Maine and Vermont Factory, 11@12c; N. Y. Factory, 11@11¾c.

FLOUR—Superfine, $5 12@$5 38; Spring X and XX, $5 50@5 75; Roller Michigan, $5 75@5 87; St. Louis Winter Patents, $5 75@6 25.

FISH—Cod Shore, $5 75@6 00; Scaled herring per box, 18@20c; Mackerel, shore, extra, $20 00@23 00.

GRAIN—Corn, bag lots, 74@75; oats, 41@46; cotton seed, car lots, $28 00@28 50; cotton seed, bag lots, $29 00@30 00; sacked bran, car lots, $19 00@20 00; sacked bran, bag lots, $20 00@21 00; middlings, car lots, $22 00@28 00; middlings, bag lots, $23 00 @29 00.

LARD—Per tierce, 7¼@8¼c per lb; per tub, 7¾@8¾c; pail, 8@11c.

PROVISIONS—Fowl, 12@14c; spring chick- ens, 14@16c; turkeys, 00@00c; eggs, 21@ 22c; potatoes per bush., 40@45c; extra beef, $10 00@10 50; pork backs, $16 50 @17 00

Poetry.

The Good Shepherd.

The snow was drifting o'er the hills,
Fierce was the wind and loud,
While the good shepherd forward pressed
His head in sorrow bowed.
"O, Shepherd, rest, nor farther go,
The tempest hath begun."
"I cannot stay, I must away
To seek My little one."

A thorn-wreath bound the gentle brow
That beamed with pity sweet,
And marks of wounds were in His hands,
And scars upon His feet.
Again I said, "O, Shepherd, rest,
The tempest hath begun."
He murmured: "Nay, I must away
To seek My little one!"

"I saw Thy flock at peace within
Thine old well-guarded fold;
O, Shepherd, pause, for wild the gale
That rages o'er the wold."
"No; one poor lamb hath gone astray,
And soon may be undone;
I cannot stay, I must away
To seek My little one!"

"But, since Thy flock are all secure,
Why to the heights repair?
If thou hast ninety-nine at home,
Why for a truant care?"
"Dearer to Me than all the rest
Is that poor struggling son!
I cannot stay, I must away
To seek My little one!"

"Good Shepherd, tell me, if his need
Should bring the wanderer home,
Wilt Thou not punish him with stripes,
Lest he again should roam?"
"No; I would clasp him to My heart;
As a mother clasps her own;
I cannot stay, I must away
To seek My little one!"

Even so, I thought, our gracious Lord
Hath in His heart divine
A wealth of love for all His saints—
For all the ninety-nine!
But most He loves, and most He seeks
The soul by sin undone;
And still He sighs, "I must away
To seek My little one!"

Our Story Teller.

MR. SCHNAFFS' ADVENTURE.

Ever since he entered France with the invading army, Walter Schnaffs had considered himself the unhappiest of men. He was stout, walked with difficulty, puffed a good deal and suffered much from his feet, which were flat and very fat. He was, beside, of a peaceful and kind disposition, not at all heroic or warlike, father of four children whom he adored, and husband of a fair young wife whose kisses and caresses and thoughtful care he missed sadly every day. He liked to go to bed early and get up late, to eat good things at his ease and to drink beer in the middle of the forenoon. He believed, moreover, that everything worth having ended with life, and he cherished in his heart a deep hatred, which was both instinctive and national, for cannons, guns, revolvers and swords, and, above all for bayonets, for he felt that he was not able to wield that weapon quickly enough to defend his large stomach.

And when at nightfall he went to bed on the ground, rolled up in his cloak beside his snoring comrades, he thought for a long time of those he had left behind and of the dangers which surrounded his path. If he should be killed what would become of the little ones? Who then would feed them and bring them up? At that very time they were rich, in spite of the debts which he had contracted before leaving home in order that they might have money.

And sometimes Walter Schnaffs wept. At the beginning of each battle his legs felt so weak that he would have fallen if he had not feared the whole army would pass over his body. The whistling of the balls made his hair stand on end.

And so for months he lived in a state of fear and anguish.

The main body of the troops were advancing toward Normandy, and one day he was sent to reconnoiter with a small detachment which was simply to explore a part of the neighborhood and then to fall back again.

Everything seemed quiet in that section, and nothing indicated an organized resistance, but just as the Prussians were calmly entering a little valley, crossed occasionally by deep gullies, a brisk firing brought them to a standstill, cutting down a score of their number, and a body of sharp-shooters, rushing out from a handful of trees, charged them with bayonets fixed.

Walter Schnaffs at first remained motionless, so surprised and desperate that he did not even think of flight. Then a mad longing to run away seized him, but he thought instantly that, in comparison with the thin French soldiers who were going on like a flock of leaping goats, he would run like a tortoise.

Just then, six steps ahead of him he saw a large gully filled with brushwood covered with dried leaves, and into this he jumped with both feet, without even stopping to think of its depth, as one might leap into a river from a bridge. He went like an ox through the thick growth of vines and sharp briars which scratched his face and hands, and sat down hard on a bed of stone.

Looking up immediately, he saw the sky through the hole which he had made. That tell-tale hole would betray him, and he crawled along on his hands and feet, at the bottom of the ditch, under the roof made by the interlacing branches, going as fast as he could away from the fighting. After a while he stopped and sat down again, squatting like a hare in the tall, dry grass. For some time he still heard the shots, and even the cries, and the sounds of the struggle grew fainter and ceased. All was calm and quiet again.

Suddenly something stirred so close by him and gave him a frightful start. It was a little bird which had perched on a branch, and rustled the dead leaves.

For nearly an hour Walter Schnaffs' heart beat with great bounds.

The night was coming on, filling the gully with shadows, and the soldier began to reflect. What would become of him? What should he do? And how? And where? And must he begin again that horrible life of anguish, free from fatigue and suffering which he had led since the beginning of the war? No! He no longer had the courage and energy necessary to bear the marches and face the incessant dangers.

But what could he do? He could not stay in this ditch and conceal himself until the war was over. No indeed. If he had not been obliged to eat, that prospect would not have disturbed him; but he was obliged to eat, to eat every day.

And so he found himself alone, armed, in uniform, in the enemy's country, far from those who could defend him. He shivered to think of it.

Suddenly he thought. "If I were only a prisoner!" and he was filled with a sudden, violent longing to become a prisoner. A prisoner! He would be saved, fed, lodged, sheltered from shot and sabers, without any further apprehension, in a comfortable, well-guarded prison. To be a prisoner! What a glorious dream! And he immediately decided to make himself a prisoner. He got up, resolved to carry out his plan without a moment's delay.

But suddenly he stopped motionless, assailed by disagreeable thoughts and new terrors. Where was he to go to make himself a prisoner? In what direction? And how? And frightful pictures of death rushed into his mind. He would run great risks in venturing alone about the country in his spiked helmet. What if he should meet some peasants? As soon as they saw a wandering, defenceless Prussian they would kill him like a stray dog. They would murder him with their pitchforks, their pickaxes, their scythes, their shovels. They would reduce him to a pulp in their rage at their country's defeat. What if he should meet sharpshooters? They, madmen, without law or discipline, would shoot him as soon as they saw him, to amuse themselves, to pass away the time, for the fun of the thing.

And he fancied himself already standing against a wall, opposite a dozen gun-barrels, whose little black, round holes seemed to be looking at him. And if he should meet the French army itself! The vanguard would take him for a scout, for some bold and crafty soldier reconnoitering along, and they would shoot him down. And he heard already the irregular firing of the soldiers, hiding in a thicket, while he, standing in the middle of the field, sank down, riddled like a skimmer by the balls which he could feel entering his flesh.

He sat down again in desperation. His situation seemed hopeless to him.

Night had by this time quite settled down—dumb, black night. He did not move, but trembled at every slight and unknown sound which was heard in the darkness. A rabbit that struck against the edge of his burrow nearly put him to flight. The hooting of the owls tore his soul with sudden fears, as painful as wounds. He strained his large eyes to try to pierce the gloom, and every moment he thought he heard a footstep near him.

After endless hours and tortures of the damned, he saw the sky growing light through his roof of underbrush. At that a great relief filled him. His muscles relaxed, and he stretched himself with a lightened heart. His eyes closed, and he slept.

When he awoke the sun seemed to be almost overhead. It must be noon. No noise broke the dull quiet of the fields, and Walter Schnaff discovered that he was seized with sharp hunger.

He yawned, his mouth watering at the thoughts of the good sausages that the soldiers had, and his stomach felt emptier than ever.

He rose, walked a few steps, found that his legs were weak, and sat down again to think. For two or three hours he weighed the pros and cons, changing his mind every minute, hesitating, unhappy, and distracted by the most conflicting emotions.

One idea seemed to him sufficiently practical. It was to watch until some unarmed villager should pass by, one who had no dangerous farming tools with him, and then to run out and put himself in his hands, making him understand that he surrendered himself.

Then he took off his helmet, the spike of which was likely to betray him, and he thrust his head out of his hole with infinite precaution.

Not a soul was to be seen. Yonder, at the right, the smoke rose toward the sky from the roofs of a little village—smoke from the kitchen fires! At the left he saw, at the end of an avenue of trees, a large chateau, flanked with towers.

He waited thus until evening, suffering fearfully, seeing nothing but flocks of crows, hearing nothing but the complaining rumbles of his inner man.

And once more night fell around him. He stretched himself at the bottom of his retreat, and slept an uneasy sleep, haunted by nightmares, the sleep of a famished man.

Dawn broke again over his head.

Once more he took up his post of observation. But the country was as deserted as it had been the night before, and a new fear possessed him—the fear of dying of hunger! He sat himself stretched at the bottom of his hole, flat on his back, with his eyes closed. Then animals, little animals of all sorts, drew near his corpse and began to eat it, attacked it everywhere at once, and crawling under his clothes to gnaw the cold flesh, and a great crow was picking his eyes with a sharp beak.

This thought nearly maddened him, for he feared that he would be overcome with weakness and become unable to walk. And he was quite determined to hurry to the village to dare all, to brave all, when he saw three men coming toward the fields with their pitchforks on their shoulders, and he drew back into his hiding place.

But as soon as evening darkened the plain, he crawled slowly out of the ditch and started off toward the distant chateau, preferring to go there rather than to the village, which seemed to him as formidable as a den of tigers. The lower windows of the chateau were lighted up. One of them was open, and a strong odor of roast meat came from it, an odor which, rushing through the nostrils of Walter Schnaffs and penetrating to the depths of his stomach, made him impatient, made him pant for breath, drew him irresistable forward and filled his heart with a desperate courage.

Suddenly, without stopping to think, he appeared with his helmet on in the open window. Eight servants were seated at dinner round a large table. All at once a nurse stopped, open-mouthed, dropping her glass, and stared fixedly ahead of her. All eyes followed hers.

They saw the enemy! Heavens! The Prussians were attacking the chateau.

There was at once a cry, a single cry, composed of eight cries uttered together by different voices, a cry of frightful terror, then a confused rising, and a stampede toward the door at the back of the room. Chairs were knocked down, the men upset the women and rushed over them, and in two seconds the room was empty, abandoned, with the table covered with food staring in the face the astonished Walter Schnaffs, who was still standing in the window.

After an instant of hesitation he climbed in and went toward the table.

His great hunger made him as weak as a man in a fever, but he was still paralyzed by terror. He listened.

The whole house was in a tumult; doors were slamming, and rapid footsteps were moving overhead. The man of Prussia listened to these noises, and heard dull sounds as if bodies were falling into the soft earth at the foot of the wall—human beings who had leaped from the story above.

By these all movements and the commotion stopped, and the great château became as silent as a tomb.

Walter Schnaffs seated himself before a full plate and began to eat. He ate in large mouthfuls, as if he were afraid of being interrupted too soon before he had had enough. He threw morsels into his wide-open mouth with both hands, and lumps of food went down one after another into his stomach, stretching his throat as they passed. Occasionally he stopped, almost bursting like the distended hose pipe, and cleared out his throat with a draught of cider, as they wash out a stopped-up conduit. He emptied all the plates, all the dishes, all the bottles; then, satisfied with eating and drinking; stupefied, flushed, shaken by hiccoughs, his mind uneasy and his tongue thick, he unbuttoned his uniform to breathe more easily, incapable of taking a step. His eyes closed, his thoughts grew confused, he leaned his heavy head on his arms folded on the table, and soon lost all sense of reason and things.

The crescent of the waning moon lighted the sky indistinctly above the trees of the park. It was the chilly hour which precedes the dawn.

Silent shadows were gliding about in the thicket, and every now and then a moonbeam made a steel point gleam in the darkness.

The quiet chateau raised its great black silhouette against the sky. Two windows only on the ground floor were lighted. Suddenly a voice of thunder shouted, "Forward!" To the assault, comrades!" And in an instant the doors, the shutters, the windows, gave way under the flood of men, which rushed forward, burst open, broke down everything and invaded the house. Instantly fifty soldiers, armed to the teeth, rushed into the kitchen where Walter Schnaffs was sleeping peacefully, and placed against his breast fifty loaded guns, knocked him down, rolled him over, seized him and bound him from head to foot. He awoke with astonishment, so much bewildered to understand what was going on, knocked about, beaten, and wild with fear.

Suddenly a large soldier, much bedecked with gold, planted his foot on his stomach, crying in his native tongue:

"You are my prisoner! Surrender!"

The Prussian heard only the one word "prisoner," and he groaned, "Ya, ya, ya!"

He was lifted up, bound to a chair, and examined with lively curiosity by the victors, who were blowing like whales. Several of them sat down, overcome by emotion and fatigue. He could smile now, sure of being a prisoner at last.

Another officer came in and announced:

"Colonel, the enemy has fled; several seem to have been wounded. We are masters of the place."

The large officer wiped his forehead and cried, "Victory!" And he wrote in a little memorandum book which he took out of his pocket—

"After a desperate struggle the Prussians were put to flight, carrying with them their dead and wounded, estimated at fifty. Several of them remain in our possession."

"What orders shall I give?" said the young officer.

"We are going to fall back and avoid a renewed attack with artillery and superior force," answered the colonel, and he gave the order to retire.

The human formed again under the shadow of the walls of the chateau, and began to move, surrounding Walter Schnaffs, who was bound and guarded by six soldiers, revolver in hand.

Scouts were sent out to reconnoitre, and they advanced cautiously, halting from time to time.

At daybreak they reached the prefecture of La Roche-Oysel, whose National Guard had accomplished this feat of arms.

The anxious and much-excited townspeople were expecting them. When the prisoner's helmet was seen loud outcries were raised. The women held up their hands, the old ones wept, and an old man threw his crutch at the Prussian and wounded one of his guards in his nose. The colonel shouted. "Keep the prisoner safe!"

They came at last to the town hall. The prison was open and Walter Schnaffs, freed from his bonds, was put in it. Two hundred armed men mounted guard around the building. Then, but in spite of the symptoms of indigestion which tormented him, the Prussians, wild with joy, began to dance madly about, waving his arms and legs and laughing crazily, until he fell in a heap, quite exhausted.

He was a prisoner. Saved!

This is how the Chateau of Champignet was recaptured from the enemy after only six hours occupation.

Colonel Roffier, cloth merchant, who managed the affair at the head of the National Guard of La Roche Oysel, was decorated.

Choice Miscellany.

For the Maine Farmer.

Brief Studies in Composition and Literature—III.

It may not be advisable for the average student whose time is limited, to go so far back as the founders' age, and trace the beginnings of English Literature. It is an age of interest to the student of language, but not rich in fullness of expression and multitude of thinkers, as is the age of Shakspeare.

It was in that remarkable period of romance when the virgin queen ruled "merrie England," that the English language as we now read it, began to be used; and the student should first gather from history some conception of the civilization and customs of those times.

Green's History of the English People is an excellent history to read in connection with the study of English Literature.

To form a true conception of the author and his work, we must see them in relation to times and places. But if one has not time for the larger history, or is discouraged by its bulk, any good school history will prove a useful aid to the work before him.

Some one has said that chronology and geography are the two eyes of history; and they are surely of vast importance in fixing the times and places of events narrated. The dates are supplied by the historian; places should be carefully looked up by the student. The history and geography should be supplemented by whatever books of travel and natural history may tend to throw light upon the natural features of the country; and to give one who has not traveled some idea of the architecture of the period under consideration.

For the study of the literature itself, a book like Taine's is very helpful; and a good cyclopedia of literature is also much needed. Indeed, if the resources and the time of the student be limited, perhaps the best course to pursue, is the reading of each author in bits, together with the story in brief of his life and work. A scrap, like a sample of dry goods, may show the quality of his work.

But this is not the most satisfactory method. For instance, one gets more knowledge of Shakspeare by carefully reading one of his plays, than by culling a line here and there from all of them.

Small annotated copies of the plays may be had for a small sum; and unless one can read them all carefully, it were better to possess but two or three in handy form for ready reference.

Hamlet and the *Merchant of Venice* are universally read and admired. The reader may begin with the latter, and after reading the two mentioned, he will be ready for other work.

One should understand something of Jewish History, to be able to see clearly the possibility of the characters in the *Merchant of Venice*.

The legend, puerile as it seems, has its root in the prejudice of the ages. A knowledge of the history of Venice and the famous market place on the Rialto, may also be pleasantly associated with this play. Whatever work may be done should be done heartily, and the remembrance thereof will be pleasant. Of the Shakspearean period, beside Shakspeare and the minor dramatic poets of his time, there are two names, preëminent in their field of thought, as Shakspeare in his. Bacon, the original philosopher, a writer of profound and brilliant essays; Spenser a prince of romantic poetry, whose imagery some have thought to surpass even Shakspeare a taste of these must be had before leaving the Elizabethan epoch.

Having proceeded thus far, the way will become plain to the learner. The names of Milton, Gray, Goldsmith, Johnson, will be suggested to him; and their works are easily obtained.

Bits of biography and history are to be found in papers and magazines. A student really in earnest many find material in the most simple of his books. The writer knew a young poet whose first knowledge of prosody was gained from a school reader and whose first taste of biography came from the same source. No fellow pupil carried through life any remembrances of either, simply because of lack of interest. Let earnestness be the students watchword.

L. B.

For the Maine Farmer.

Studies in Sacred Song—XXVIII.

Horatius Bonar was born in Edinburgh, in 1808, and educated in its university. He and two of his brothers became ministers in the Presbyterian church. He was one of the founders of the Free church in Scotland in 1843. He was the author of several sweet and touching hymns. Dr. Bonar has recently died. The following is one of his hymns:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.'
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting place,
And He hath made me glad.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.'
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.'
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of Life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done."

The following excellent and favorite hymn has been attributed to Dr. Bonar, but he disclaims its authorship. It would do him no discredit if he were its author:

"What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

"Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

"Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou will find a solace there."

The well known hymn, commencing,

"Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy praise,"

was composed by Robert Robinson, an English preacher, and was published in Whitefield's collection. Robinson was an able man, but unstable. He was first a Methodist, then a Baptist, and at last a Socinian. The hymn embraces some fine lines and apt thoughts, as:

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God.

"Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee."

A lady met the author, in his old age, and remarked to him that she had derived great comfort and profit from this hymn in her spiritual experience Robinson burst into tears, and said he would give a thousand worlds, if he had them, to enjoy the feelings he had when he wrote that hymn.

Robinson, in his prime of life, while sitting in the nursery and holding an infant on his knee, composed part of a hymn, commencing:

"Mighty God! while angels bless Thee,
May an infant lisp Thy praise!"

The infant was Benjamin Williams, afterwards deacon of a Baptist church. The hymn, when completed, he gave to the child. The word "infant" was changed to "mortal," and the hymn, which contains four double stanzas, is one of the grandest and most beautiful productions. The following is the concluding stanza:

"From the highest throne of glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives—
Flow, my praise, forever flow!
He ascend, immortal Savior,
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
Then return, and reign forever;
Be Thy kingdom all Thine own."

H. K. B.

Mr. and Mrs. Katz.

Though two more Western ministers have been dropped by their respective conferences because they race horses, we cannot pause to consider their cases. There is a more important matter much nearer home which demands our attention. Besides, the spectacle of the earnest, middle-aged clergyman dashing across the Western prairie with a sixty-pound buggy and toe-weights on his horse, is becoming monotonous.

No, we shall not again refer to trotting ministers. Let us rather see how Married Man is getting along. We find him in considerable, as usual. We examine the individual case of Paul Katz of this city. A year ago—not so much as that—last December, Mr. Katz married Nettie Lehnelson. It was an ordinary marriage, Alderman McLaney performing the simple but impressive ceremony. Of course Mr. Katz did not furnish any guaranteed schedule of himself. He did not catalogue himself and swear to its correctness. He does not claim that he did. There was no inventory furnished the bride, setting forth that the bridegroom was possessed of two arms, two ears, the usual number of feet, one nose, and so forth. Mr. Katz admits this. More; he acknowledges that it was understood that he was all there, or practically so, at least, though nothing was said about it one way or the other, and the idea of fraud was far from his mind. But a few days after the marriage, what did Mrs. Katz do? She left Mr. Katz and refused to live with him. Why? Simply because she discovered that Mr. Katz had one glass eye, also that one natural eye like the deserted Katz looked into her face with a whole world of deep and passionate love, and pleaded with her to come back to him. Mr. Katz has waited almost a year for her to be reconciled to his misfortune, but now he has become discouraged, and asks in the Court of Common Pleas that the marriage be annulled.

The action of Mrs. Katz seems to merit condemnation of strongest kind. In the first place, it is altogether probable that she knew of Katz's infirmity. A woman is not often fooled on a bargain. Any one who has ever seen a woman chewing gum in the corner of a piece of calico in a store to see if the colors are fast, will admit this. She probably knew that Katz was a damaged article when she took him. She knew that she was getting him off the bargain counter. Besides, even if she did not know that he was defective, she took him, as is usual, for better or for worse. She found him all better except one eye; this was somewhat worse. But it was a small thing to complain about, and a complaint of that kind comes with very poor grace from a member of her sex. Who ever heard of a man making any claim on account of shortage? Yet how often are men deceived. Take, for instance, the matter of hair. What does a man know about false hair before marriage? But after marriage he often knows only too much. Yet no man ever left his wife because of a little deceit in hair, No man ever came lumbering into court carrying a chair with his wife's hair hanging on the back of it and asked to have it marked "Exhibit A" while he went back after the scanty-haired lady to offer her as "Exhibit B." Still, for centuries woman has deceived and cheated man in these particulars. It is small only complaint, perhaps in his goodness arguing that even part of one of the angelic creatures was more than he deserved. But no sooner is a woman cheated, even in the small matter of one superfluous eye, than she straightway throws up the contract and leaves her husband disconsolate.

We do not wish to find fault with woman—lovely creature, God's best gift to man, and so soon to vote and become still more indispensable—but was not Mrs. Katz unreasonable?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Lippincott's Magazine for October has the following table of contents: Lady Patty, by The Duchess; Healthy Heroines, by Julien Gordon; A Tiffin with a Tactel, by Edward Bellamy; October, by Frances Eazie Coates; The Bells of San Gabriel, by Gertrude Franklin Atherton; A Minor Chord, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox; Dream and Deed, by Katherine Lee Bates; The Common Roads of Europe, by John Gilmer Speed; "Sea-bird of the Broken Wing," by Roden Noel; Sonnet (upon Courbet's Picture, "The Wave,") by R. T. W. Duke, Jr. With Washington and Wayne, by Meirtin Phillips; The Lost "Landfall" of Columbus, by William Agnew Paton; Dividend, by Mabel Grace Smith; Humanitarian Hours, by Lillian North; "Rhymes of Childhood," by R. M. Johnston; With the Wits. (Illustrated by leading artists.)

Horse Department.

Maine is easily at the front this year, and the performances of her horses and colts will bring thousands of dollars to the State before another season opens.

Red Wilkes has added nineteen new performers to the list this year, and is second to Electioneer. He also has ten in the 2 20 list, and others which can go there almost any day, one of which, at least, is owned in Maine.

Messrs B. F. & F. H. Briggs of Auburn hold the yearling record for New England for the third time. When it is known that they have been engaged in business but a few years, yet by wise selections and careful training they have stepped to the front rank.

At the New Hampshire Breeders' meeting at Tilton, the year old stakes were won by a son of Viking, in 2 36½—rapid trotting for cold bred stock in these northern sections. California still leads, however, the yearling record of Corbett's Freedom being broken by Senator Stanford's Bell Bird, who trotted in 2.27¾. Who can tell the full measure of speed with yearlings?

Recent events but emphasize the lessons so often repeated, that success in horse breeding is not within the grasp of the greater number, unless in their breeding they use dame bred for a purpose, and sires of tried merit as well as insured breeding. The day for hap-hazard work has gone, and every one should rejoice thereat. At its departure a better system enters, and one that insures better results.

The coming race at Lexington, between Allerton and Nancy Hanks, will be one of the sensational features of the year; while that between Jay Bird and Mattie, Montbars 2.20, by Eagle Bird, a son of Jay Bird, and Ralph Wilkes 2.21½, by Red Wilkes, will also be for blood. The several families descended from Geo. Wilkes are striving for the supremacy, and thus far Red Wilkes leads, with Jay Bird stock coming rapidly. Maine is fortunate in having some choice representatives of both families.

There is no call for the statement that horses are multiplying rapidly in the State. It is a recognized fact. This may be an indication of prosperity or of poverty, just as the owners determine. There are men who, having refused profitable offers for their youngsters, are holding them year after year, while they are eating their heads off many times over. There are others who, in the vain hope of winning a prize, are holding a score of blanks at heavy cost. If men would sell whenever a liberal offer is made there would be money in the business. It is the habit of holding on to every colt that is to be condemned. Sell, and sell early. Don't wait to feed the scrub later on. Sell, and let others mature the youngsters. Sell the weanlings whenever a chance opens. If, once in a while, you see afterwards, that you lost, it will not take much time to figure out a net profit on the transactions of a score of years. Sell when you can; be sure of a profit, and the earlier the better.

Races in Maine.

Saco.

2.38 CLASS—PURSE $200.

W B Cook, Rochester, N H, b g Dirigo Jim.	1	1	1		
A C Serlbner, Lewiston, blk g St James. ..	2	3	2		
Mahlon Jordan, Westbrook, b g Goldwood.	3	2	3		
Joseph A Cote, Biddeford, w s Frank W.....	4	4	4		
A W Jose, Brighton, Mass, b m Eva G.....	5	5	5		
C H Grant, York, b m Nellie Hastings.....	6	6	6		
James Quarter, Biddeford, b s Walter S.	7	6	6		

Time—2.35¼, 2.36¼, 2.38¼.

FOUR-YEAR OLDS—PURSE $100.

H C Rankins, Lebanon, N H, b g Cephas.....	1	1	1		
William F Warren, Lyman, b g Con.....	2	2	2		
Henry Petrin, Biddeford, b m French Girl..	3	3	3		

Time—2.38¾, 2.41, 2.37.

Rockland.

THREE-MINUTE CLASS—PURSE $75.

C W Simpson, Thomaston, Nelson, jr.....	1	2	3	1	3	8	1
C A Partridge, South Gardiner, Black Mare.....	4	1	1	3	2	3	2
S J Gushee, Appleton, Bon.....	2	3	2	2	1	1	2
M W Woodman, Rockland, Pilot Boy.....	3	4	4	4			
H S Flint, Rockland, Dave.....	5	5	dr				
H Frank Jamison, Rockland, Candy Boy.....	dis						

Time—2.49¾, 2.46, 2.45, 2.44½, 2.45¾, 2.46, 2.44¾.

3.28 CLASS—PURSE $125.

Stackpole & Ames, Gardiner, Cunard, jr...	4	2	2		
F C Hastings, Damariscotta, Young Watchmaker.....	5	5	2		
George Webster, Alnlon, Little Blanche....	1	1	1		
S J Gushee, Appleton, Frank Nelson....	3	2	4		
C F Haley, Augusta, Walter D.....	2	4	3		

Time—2.35¼, 2.33, 2.32.

Harrison.

2.50 CLASS.

H Linscott, Brownfield, r g Edwin R.....	1	1	1
E H Downs, Mechanic Falls, br m Lady Bonita.....	2	2	2
C D Hasty, Windham, b g Milton H.....	3	3	3
Lewis Hawkes, Windham, b s General Weaver.....	5	6	
F L Patch, Mechanic Falls, b m Belle K....	6	4	4
C W Moore, Brunswick, b m Celox.....	4	5	5
J A Brooks, Westbrook, ch m Maud B.....	7	7	dr
C M Stuart North Falmouth, b g Little Dick 2		dr	

Time—2.34¼, 2.35, 2.32.

GENTLEMEN'S DRIVING HORSES.

J A Brooks, Arthurette.....	1
Churchill & Foss, Josie Campbell.....	2
F P Fox, Saltpetre.....	3
E Chute, Dot.....	4

Time—3.04.

Meadow Park, Gardiner.

3 MINUTE CLASS.

J T McGuigin, North Pittston, b s Cushnoc, Jr.....	1	1	1				
U G Thomas, Manchester, Fairchen.....	3	3	4				
M L Bienn, Dresden, b s Fremont Knox....	2	4	3				
E A Alden, Boston, Mass, s g Judge.....	5	2	2				
Clement Tinney, b m Kitty C.....	4	5	5				
A M Burnham, West Gardiner, b g Vanne ver.....	6	6	6				
N Alexander, Jr, Richmond, b m Lady A....	7	dr					
S Campbell, West Gardiner, s m Victoria....	8	dr					

Time—2.55, 2.53, 2.55.

2.32 CLASS.

Leland Moore, Gardiner, b g Harry J.....	1	1	2
C E Pickering, Gardiner, b s Almont Patchen.....	2	2	1
W S Lamson, Augusta, g g Jack.....	3	3	3

Time—2.27¼, 2.27¼, 2.30¾.

GREEN HORSES.

W H Merrill, West Gardiner, Bertha L.....	1	1	
N Alexander, Richmond, Lady Ann.....	2	2	
S Campbell, West Gardiner, Victoria.....	3	3	

Time—3.07, 3.02.

Poultry Department.

One of our State exchanges makes the following surprising statement: "The present high prices of eggs are leading a number in this vicinity to engage in the poultry business" While there is a slight advance over former years, there is nothing in the outlook over and above what might have been seen at any time during the past decade, to warrant a great increase in numbers. The facts have been, are, and probably will be, that the poultry industry insures greater returns for the outlay than any other branch of husbandry. This has been true for the past thirty years, measured by our own personal experience. Eggs will probably rule one to two cents per dozen higher for 1892 than in 1891. If the average production is four dozen, it means an increased revenue of perhaps twenty cents per head. Meanwhile, the expenses for feed have also been increased so that the net income will not be very much greater than in former years. There is no reason why it should be. When men can invest forty cents in mature pullets, keep them one year and sell in the market for what they cost, having meanwhile realized a net profit of a dollar in a dollar and a half per head, there's no call for figuring out a possible increase. These figures have been realized year after year, they have been possible every man, and if they though not been secured it has not been because the hens were not ready for the work, but rather because individuals have failed to appreciate the situation. The conditions are exacting and peculiar, and not every man is fitted for the business. There must be this adaptation to and appreciation of the wants and demands of the flocks, as well as the possibilities to produce.

Year after year the *Farmer* has been urging its readers to grasp this industry, stop the outgo for poultry and eggs, and secure the *certain* returns which would follow. Hundreds who have engaged in the business have expressed their satisfaction at the assistance these columns have rendered, but still the want is not supplied —and at the same time men are asking to have somebody indicate how they can succeed on a Maine farm. Lands abound which can be purchased for three to five dollars an acre, not available for cultivation, yet affording just the shelter for the flocks. And it was a small thing to complain about, and a complaint of that kind comes with very poor grace from a member of her sex. Who ever heard of a man making any claim on account of shortage? Yet how often are men deceived. Take, for instance, the matter of hair. What does a man know about false hair before marriage? But after marriage he often knows only too much. Yet no man ever left his wife because of a little deceit in hair, No man ever came lumbering into court carrying a chair with his wife's hair hanging on the back of it and asked to have it marked "Exhibit A" while he went back after the scanty-haired lady to offer her as "Exhibit B." Still, for centuries woman has deceived and cheated man in these particulars. It is small only complaint, perhaps in his goodness arguing that even part of one of the angelic creatures was more than he deserved. But no sooner is a woman cheated, even in the small matter of one superfluous eye, than she straightway throws up the contract and leaves her husband disconsolate.

We do not wish to find fault with woman

A teacher in one of the Englewood schools was drilling the children in music.

"What does it mean when you see the letter 'f' over a bar or stave?" she asked.

"Forte," answered one of the pupils.

"And what does the character '8' mean?"

There was a short period of deep thoughtfulness on the part of the children, and then one of them shouted, triumphantly:

"Eighty."

Young Folks' Column.

Bylo Land.

When out of the West long shadows creep,
And the stars peep out, a shining band,
Our baby, weary of fun and play,
Goes out thro' the gates to Bylo Land.

Oh, which is the road to Bylo Land?
By the way of grandpa's easy chair.
Or, better, by mother's loving arms,
With kisses pressed on the shining hair.

She nestles down with a weary sigh,
While the lashes touch the rounded cheek,
With her arms clasped close 'round mother's neck,
And her head on her chiefest treasure grace.

O, a wonderful spot is Bylo Land,
To judge by the smiles on baby's face;
The angels must surely weave her dreams,
And lend to her of their winsome grace.

O, baby, we envy thy sunny lot,
For we that are older seldom see
The flowery path to Bylo Land,
Or meet the angels that talk with thee.

The Story of a Proud Penny.

A penny, having traveled around the world a bit, became very proud and conceited. "I belong to the princeless aristocracy of money," it said to itself and to all who would listen. "There is no one who does not bend the knee to my family; we are sought after by the proudest people on earth and we rule the world."

One day the penny was talking in this strain to an iron nail. The nail and the penny chanced to rest side by side in a workman's pocket. The man was a carpenter who had been engaged to complete some work upon the balcony of a new house. His wife was busily engaged scrubbing the floors and cleaning the windows of the new house.

"It must be very dull and humiliating to be a nail," said the penny. "You are obliged to occupy such a menial position in life."

"Oh, I do not know about that," answered the nail. "We nails help to hold homes together, and that is a noble mission I am sure; and whatever our nitche in life may be, we realize that we belong to the great human race—we are proud of the stuff we are made of."

"Oh, as for that, you have little to boast about," sneered the penny. "Think of my family—the proudest and greatest on earth. We could buy yours up and pitch you into the sea if we cared to do so and the world would go on without you. Men would invent something to take your place. But society could not exist without us."

"But you are a mere nobody in your own family," retorted the nail, becoming angry. "Your gold and silver relations look down upon you—common copper that you are."

"Oh, it is not the system which makes you talk like that," replied the penny. "You know very well that it is taking good care of me and treating me well that gives men a chance to possess my grand relatives. Any one who despises me is never the associate of silver or gold. I am welcomed in every circle. I am petted and sought after wherever I go. Already I have traveled over half the world. My life is full of adventure and excitement. Although now I am housed in an obscure workman's pocket, to-morrow I may be reposing in the purse of a Prince. No such future awaits you. You are doomed to an obscure and humdrum existence."

Just then the workman's wife complained that she could not remove the paint stains from the windows she was attempting to clean.

"Why, let me tell you how to do that," said the workman. "A painter told me only the other day. Take a penny under your thumb and rub it over the paint spots. They will all disappear. It is far better than a knife. Here is a penny—try it."

He took the boastful penny from his pocket and the woman did as directed.

The paint disappeared as if by magic.

"I am so glad to know about this," said the woman. "I will keep this penny with my scrub-brushes and scouring clothes, that I may always be prepared for such an emergency."

And thereafter the proud penny remained with scrub-brushes, while the nail was afterwards used to fasten a United States banner to the mast of a ship.

The Twelve Handsome Konks.

"O, mamma!" cried Effie Brown, "do see this lovely bird!"

"Konk!" screamed the bird, as Mamma Brown looked out of the door.

"He says his name is Konk!" shouted Effie, laughing. "He came right down from the sky."

"Yes, he is a wild goose," replied her mother, "and what a beautiful creature!"

He was dark gray, and had a black stripe over his back. He was limping as if he had a broken leg.

The Brown family geese stood about and bobbed their heads and stared at the new goose. Konk was much larger and finer than they.

But they made up their minds to be friendly, and soon Konk was quite at home with the Brown geese.

"We will take good care of him, Effie, and perhaps he will always live with us."

"So we will, mamma," said Effie; "I